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DIVINE

POEMS AND ESSAYS,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY MARIA DE FLEURY.

" There's nought the canopy of heaven o'erspreads,
" There's nought below the wide extended skies,
" Can form a *rest*, divine enough to hold
" This ray of GODHEAD, this aspiring soul."

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Recommendatory Preface.

DEAR FRIENDS,

THE following miscellaneous collection, has been written by a pious godly woman; whom, I really believe, fears God above many. In many of her writings her style is rather masculine than otherwise; and therefore she has been suspected of publishing works under her name, which were not her own, but had some minister for their author:....whoever thus judged, I am persuaded, were altogether mistaken. Being frequently in the company of ministers, it is not to be wondered at if she should imperceptibly speak or write, in some respects, after their manner. The pieces in prose and verse that are here presented to thee, are not controversial; but they will be found to be of such a nature, that I think all unprejudiced friends of the Lord Jesus Christ will cordially receive them.

A warm attachment to and no inconsiderable zeal for the glorious doctrines of the trinity....of the divinity of the Lord Jesus, and of the divinity and divine personality of the Holy Ghost, are discernable throughout the work: nor are the other truths of the gospel sparingly introduced....If thou, beloved reader, art one of the followers of the lamb; if Christ be very precious to thee; if his name be as ointment poured forth to thy soul; then, most probably, the perusal of this

publication will afford thee both pleasure and profit; especially if thou lookest up to the blessed Spirit of God for a divine blessing upon it.

If it should be asked, what was my inducement to write this recommendatory address? I must inform the reader, that it was not from any supposition that the name at the close hereof, had any weight, which would render any capital service to the performance or to the spread thereof; or that either the one or the other needed such help; but the particular desire of the writer constrained me; she having been, for some years a worthy member of the church of Christ among whom I have long laboured....with whom I hope to live and die. I was the more disposed to accede to her request, as the matter that follows appears to me to be agreeable to the word of God, and calculated to promote the manifestive glory of God, and the good of precious souls.

That some poor sinners' minds may receive benefit from her labors....that she may have the pleasure of knowing this to be the case, if not in this world, at least in the world to come...that the Redeemer's honor and his kingdom may spread far and wide, and all his enemies be scattered, is the sincere desire and prayer of

Thy sincere friend in our common Lord,

JOHN TOWERS.

Clerkenwell, July 25, 1791.

Preface to the Reader.

Amongst all the grand doctrines the bible reveals to fallen man, that of the trinity in unity, a triune God, is perhaps the most sublime, and therefore it may appear somewhat like presumption in a woman to exercise her pen upon such a subject: but in times like the present, when this glorious truth is so awfully denied by many, when arianism, sabelianism and socinianism is pouring in upon us like a flood, and some even dare to stand forth in public and blaspheme that worthy name by which we are called; it ought not to be wondered at, if even the stones in the street rose up with indignation, and found a voice to bear testimony to the dignity and to assert the Deity of their divine Creator....Let this consideration plead my excuse.

Impressed with a deep sense of the importance of the subject, and conscious of my own utter inability to defend so illustrious a truth, fearing to darken council by words without knowledge; I wished, but dared not for several years attempt any thing of this kind, though requested by several friends to do it: however, an unexpected solicitation from a gentleman, at that time a perfect stranger to me, prevailed upon

me to take up my pen....I viewed it as the voice of providence, and therefore dared not refuse. So far as I am capable of knowing my own heart, I know this, that I do not write from interested motives; I feel the highest satisfaction in the testimony of my conscience, that I write not for the gain or applause of the world: if the Lord Jesus Christ, the great God my Saviour, is glorified in the smallest degree....if his cause is any way promoted; and any, if it be only one, of his children edified by any thing he has enabled me to write, my labor will be richly repaid, and he shall have the glory. Conscious as I am of the many improprieties of language and deficiencies in point of grammar, which are very discernable in these poems and tracts; I feel myself constrained to put in a humble claim to the candid attention of my readers, from the consideration that I am a woman....that I have not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education.... that some of the pieces were written many years ago, and that I have not had the kind assistance of any judicious friend in preparing them for the press, or even in revising or correcting the proof sheets; but have gone through the whole fatigue of this work myself, and that in the midst of such weakness and indisposition of the body; when these facts are duly weighed, I flatter myself, that the soft and gentle hand of candor will draw a veil over the inacuracies of the following pieces, and screen them from the severity of the keen eye of criticism. However, such as they are, I commit them to the care and blessing of heaven; and I am encouraged to do this, because I know the Lord of Hosts is a God of unlimited power; he can-

not only bless the labors of his great and eminent servants, but he can also bless the feeblest attempts for his glory, and own the weakest instrument; he is pleased, sometimes, to make use of weak and contemptible things to confound the mighty and the wise, that no man should glory in man; but that Christ should be all in all, 1 Cor. i. 26, 31. That he may be all your salvation, and all your desire, gentle reader, is the sincere prayer of

Yours, for Christ's sake,
MARIA DE FLEURY.

July 29, 1791.

Contents.

PART I.

PAGE.

IMMANUEL; or, the Godhead of Christ displayed 13
Thoughts written in a Bower 73
An Hymn of Praise 77
An Irregular Ode 80
An Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Dr. Gifford 83
——— Mrs. Eliz. Dowland . 89
——— Mr. C. Seldon Slow . 93
——— Mrs. Elizabeth Burrows 97
——— the Rev. Doctor Woude 100
An Hymn 103
——— ——— 105
An Epistle to an absent Friend 106
To Miranda, an Invitation to London . . . 108
An Evening Thought 110
A Meditation on Redemption 113
A Walk at Enfield 121
An Ode 129
A Soliloquy 131
Henry, or the Wanderer Reclaimed 135

PART II.

Meditations on part of the Song of Solomon . 167
Christ All in All 210
A Summer Day's Excursion 216

A Meditation on the Lord's Supper . . . 227
A Meditation on Revelations xii. 6. . . . 231
Letter I. To Mr. and Mrs. M.....n . . . 247
II. To Mrs. B..... 256
III. To Miss J.....y 260

ETERNAL LOVE.....by Richard Lee . . . 265

APPENDIX.

To Mr. and Mrs. De Fleury, Jun'rs . . . 279
An Epithalamium 281
To Mr. and Mrs. T....D.... 283
An Acrostic 285
An Epithalamium 287

PART I.

Miscellaneous Poems.

DIVINE

Poems and Essays.

PART I.

IMMANUEL;

OR,

THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST DISPLAYED:

A SACRED POEM.

COME, from thy heav'nly seat, O sacred Muse,
And warm my heart with thy own hallow'd fire;
Bid it awake to raptures all divine.
O bear me on thy bright celestial wing
Above the confines of this little world,
Above yon starry orbs, and that pale moon;
With swiftest flight, O mount and soar away
And waft me to the realms of purest light,
Where the full splendors of eternal day,
The unveil'd glories of the Lord the lamb,
Blaze forth in beams of light ineffable,
And make the sun asham'd....Fain would I fly

To that bright world, but chains forbid my flight,
Check my ambition, bind me down to earth;
The chains, the shackles of mortality.
Come then, O Meditation, maid divine,
Help me to muse the rest, and let my mind
View things unseen by any mortal eye;
And tho' confin'd in flesh, converse with heaven.
There, on a glorious throne, Immanuel reigns,
The God of nature, and the God of grace:
Lord of ten thousand worlds; array'd in flesh.
A man, but not of sorrows now, no more
A sacrifice for sin he bleeds and dies.
'Tis done!....the great salvation is complete:
And high exalted now, he lives and reigns
A priest upon his throne....there angels bow
And own their master and adore their God.
There blood-bought saints, the trophies of his grace,
Prostrate before his feet, pierc'd for their sins,
Cast down their crowns of amaranth and gold,
And Abr'ham's sons, with Gentile sinners join
To raise the triumphs of the sinner's friend.

Do angels bow before Immanuel's throne,
And, in triumphant songs adore his name?
Yes! their bright myriads, tho' ten thousand times
Ten thousand, fill'd with holy awe and zeal,
With burning love and pure immortal joy,
Veil their celestial faces with their wings
When they draw near his seat: list, O my soul!
I hear the voice of mighty seraphim,
Louder than ocean in his loudest roar;
I hear archangels shout....they clap their wings,

Their gorgeous wings, and with sweet unison
In one grand chorus shake the upper skies.
"Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord (they cry)
Lord God of sabbaoth! Worthy the lamb,*
The self-existent and eternal God,
Cloath'd with humanity, great king of heav'n,
And ransomer of men! Worthy art thou
Of endless domination, pow'r and praise."....
Hark! the redeemed millions join the song,
Take up the theme, and tune their golden harps
To higher strains, as stronger motives call
To nobler gratitude and boundless praise.
"Worthy the lamb, who stoop'd so low for us
To veil his godhead in a robe of flesh,
Who bought us with his blood: Our sacrifice;
Our righteousness; who brought us by his grace
From every nation of the peopled earth
To reign in glory, kings and priests to him.
Worthy the lamb of blessing, pow'r and might,
Riches and honor, everlasting thanks.
Let heaven and earth, and all creation join
To worship him, for whom, and by whose pow'r
All things subsist; glory and praise be his
Who sitteth on the throne, who once was dead,
But lives forever!" Lo! again they shout,
"Worthy the lamb!" and at his gracious feet
In low prostration fall, sweetly o'erwhelm'd
With rapturous gratitude, with heav'nly love.

How grand the theme, how glorious the song!
What melody when saints and angels sing,

* Isaiah vi....John xii....Rev. v.

God the Redeemer's praise. But hark, my soul!
Jehovah speaks! let heaven and earth attend
In solemn silence to the great decree!
"Hear, all my angels, my celestial pow'rs;
Cherubic armies, flaming seraphim;
Bright sons of morn, who hymn around my throne,
Or thro' my spacious universe dispense
The sov'reign mandates of my righteous will.
Behold my first begotten, and adore
Jesus the God, the man for sinners slain!
At my right hand he sits exalted high,
Fall at his feet and worship him as me."
And to the son he saith, "Thy throne, O God,
Endures forever, thy right hand shall grasp
A righteous sceptre thro' eternity;
And rule with sovereign sway; (thy native right)
The boundless empire which thine hands have form'd."
Thus from his throne, th' Almighty Father spake.
The sov'reign voice kindled new joy in heav'n....
Low at his feet they bow; the concave rung
With hallelujah's voices jubilant,
Proclaim the honors of the slaughter'd lamb.
A God incarnate! let the heav'ns rejoice!
A God incarnate! let the earth be glad!
Reigns o'er the heavens and earth, the ransom'd throng,
And hosts angelic hymn his sacred name
With bursts of loud applause....Thee too they sing,
Almighty Father, and adore thy grace;
Father of Jesus Christ, thy first elect,
Father, in him, of all the chosen seed;
Father of everlasting love to men.

Nor from the song do they disjoin thy name,
Eternal spirit! Holy comforter!
Giver of life, of peace, and heav'nly joy;
Great sanctifier of thine Israel,
But lowly reverent, at thy feet they fall,
And give true worship to a triune God.
The almighty JAH! the infinite I AM!
A God in cov'nant for the sons of men,
Celestial armies sing his boundless name;
And the redeemed swell his triumphs high,
While they ascribe salvation, pow'r and praise,
And endless honors to their Saviour-God.

While thus the heav'ns adore; come, O my soul,
And let thy noblest pow'rs awake and sing;
O, catch a spark of that celestial fire
That animates the concert of the skies.
Thou too art chosen from the sons of men;
Thou too art purchas'd by the blood of God,*
Call'd from the heirs of wrath, by grace divine,
And seal'd a daughter and an heir of heav'n.
Come then, my soul, and at thy Father's feet.
Low in the dust adore his sov'reign grace,
And bless the wonders of electing love,
That made a Saviour thine, and wrote thy name,
Thy worthless name, in Jesu's book of life.
Jesus, my God, I love thee and adore!
O for a heart inflam'd, a heart on fire,
With constant, pure, seraphic love of thee,
Great lover of my soul, who lov'd so dear;
That from thy throne of glory, stooping low,

* Acts xx. 28.

To plunge into a boundless sea of grief,
A boundless sea of wrath divine; to plunge
Into the dreadful jaws of death, and all
The gloomy horrors of the grave, for me.
He stoop'd to conquer....See the rising God,
Bursting the iron barriers of the grave;
Abolish'd death expiring at his feet,
And Satan bound in everlasting chains,
Led at the glorious victor's chariot wheels
Triumphant thro' the air. My king, my God!
I laud thy triumphs, and adore thy name:
My great salvation....thou! my ALL IN ALL!
Now high exalted on thy regal seat,
Where from eternity thou sat supreme,
The radiant, awful glories of the God,
Shine thro' the milder beauties of the man,
Blessing thy saints and angels with full draughts
Of boundless pleasures, and immortal joy.

Thy sov'reign grace, Spirit divine, I sing;
Fountain of holiness, of life and love!
Great glorifier of a Saviour's name;
Revealer of the hidden things of God.
Thy new creating voice bade me awake
From nature's sleep; the dreadful sleep of sin;
To all the joys of light and life divine;
To all the bliss of immortality!
Of pardon'd sin, and fellowship with God,
Thro' the rich streams of a Redeemer's blood,
Of sin subdu'd, and a triumphant hope
Of the bright glories of eternity.
Come, holy comforter! descend and dwell

In my cold heart, warm it with heavenly fire ;
Make it thy temple, tune my stamm'ring tongue
To lofty notes of praise, such as thy love
Deserves, O ever blessed trinity,
One undivided glorious deity :
One self-existent and eternal God,
My Father, Saviour, everlasting Friend.
Let every power of my redeemed soul
Be dedicate to thee ; let every pulse
Beat high for thee, and every breath aspire
In grateful hallelujahs to my God.

Hark ! O my soul, what voice is that ? what sounds
Discordant break upon mine ear ? 'tis harsh
As distant thunder....muttering and low,
Such as magicians use, when with dark spells
They raise ill spirits in the midnight hour.
List ! it comes nearer, and emboldened, speaks,
In plainer accents that my startled soul
Can catch its murmurs, and distinctly hear
The words of discontent that from it flow.

" Is Jesus Christ the self-existent God ?
No, I deny it : what blasphemous tongue
Dares to pronounce him so ? the wretch who dares
Is an idolater, and robs his God
Of his prime glory....Jesus is a man ;
A man, in whom perfection dwells, 'tis true,
And holy innocence, but yet a man.
The Son of God, as he himself declares ;
He liv'd our bright example, and he dy'd
Prime martyr to the glorious truths he taught,

Of patience, meekness, heav'nly charity.
Correct thy erring song then, worship God;
Nor let a creature share with him the praise."

What words are these! hear'st thou, O sun, a voice
Deny the deity of thy Creator!
And dost not hide thy radiant head in clouds?
Dost thou not feel, O earth, the dreadful shock,
And tremble to thy centre?....Fearful awe
Has seiz'd my spirit, all my pow'rs recoil!
Horror thrills thro' my veins and all aghast
I stand and look around!....Am I awake?
And is there in a universe of beings,
One, who with front of brass, and vip'rous tongue,
Dares thus affront his Maker? Whence this voice?
From heaven it comes not; there in concord sweet,
The blest inhabitants bow at his name;
And hail him God o'er all, for ever blest.
From the dark regions of eternal woe,
Where night and everlasting horrors reign,
It must proceed....yet no! the arch fiend,
Satan, the leader of the rebel host,
And all his millions, know the dignity
Of man's Redeemer. They can never doubt
Messiah's godhead, till they cease to be.
Deep rooted memory of what is past;
And sense of present pain, constrains belief.
Yes! they believe and tremble, for they know
His might, tremble thro' ev'ry pow'r,
And from the truth of his eternal being,
They know their own eternity of woe.
They felt the pow'r of his omnipotence
When from the realms of bliss he drove them down,

To utter darkness ; from his vengeful arm
They fled affrighted, but in vain they fled.
His vengeance follow'd ; flames of wrath divine
Pursu'd their flight, ten thousand thunders roll'd
And sunk them low in horrors infinite.
And long since that, has Satan, and his crew
Of spirits accursed, felt the potent arm
Of man's Redeemer, when in human flesh
Array'd, they from his presence fled with speed,
Obey'd his awful mandate, fear'd his frown,
And trembled thro' their being at his name.
Not less Almighty, when a man of grief,
Than when enthron'd between the cherubim.
But chiefly then, when bursting from the grave
The rising God, triumphant over death,
Trampled beneath his feet the powers of hell,
Then vanquish'd Satan felt a second fall ;
His empire to its deep foundation shook,
New terrors, like a flood, o'erwhelm'd his heart ;
New blasphemies employ'd his horrid tongue.
The fierce, the proud blasphemer shakes his chain
In all the rage and madness of despair,
Yet owns the mighty arm that binds him down
In everlasting horrors, feels and owns
Jesus the conqueror ; the God he hates.
Nor is there in the dark abhorred pit
One hapless, ruin'd soul, who doubts this truth.
Eternity sweeps unbelief away.
There's no deception there ; the truth they know.
O fearful knowledge, by experience learn'd,
In the black realms of endless misery,
They see the truth, but by the dreadful light

Of tophet's flames ; O horrible ! to know,
When knowledge sinks them deeper in despair.

If heav'nly hosts unite to raise on high
The lofty honors of the Saviour-God ;
If in the world beneath, he reigns in wrath,
And all its millions feel his deity ;
'Tis here alone exists the man who dares
Boldly deny his sov'reign dignity.
And is it thou, Lothario ? Come, thou man
Of reason and philosophy, come bring
Thy pow'rful reasons, potent arguments,
Summon thy depth of thought, for thou art wise,
More wise than angels, yet more ignorant
(O shame to thee) than devils. Come and bring
Thy strong objections ; come Goliah-like,
In tenfold armour clad....I come to thee
In the great name and strength of him whom thou
Defiest ; Jesus my God!....Say'st thou that I
Blaspheme, and with presumptuous boldness rob
Th' eternal Father of his sacred right,
In paying to the Son honors divine ?
The charge is false and groundless ; I adore
A triune deity with equal praise.
When low before the lamb who died, I bow,
And hail him as Jehovah, God of hosts,
'Tis in obedience to the Father's will ;
'Tis in obedience to the Father's voice.
Hear the great mandate, hear and tremble thou,
Who dar'st rebel against the grand decree !
" Let all the angels of God worship him."
What ! does th' eternal Father call his hosts,

Celestial spirits that surround his throne,
Before a creature's footstool to fall down,
And pay their adorations to a man?
Has he not said, he'll not divide his praise,
Nor give his glory to another?....Say,
Thou learned in the scriptures, hast he not
In thunders made his sov'reign pleasure known,
That no created thing in heav'n or earth
Shall stand his rival, or his honors share?
And has he chang'd his mind?....Can the great God
Say and unsay! forbid idolatry
In terms direct, command idolatry
In terms direct, and bid his winged saints,
The holy ministers that round him wait,
Worship an idol and adore a man?
O no! he is of one eternal mind,
And changeth not; yet such the deity
Lothario worships; one who bids to-day
What he unbids to-morrow; who could trust
A soul with such a fluctuating God?
If the Redeemer be no more than man,
Or if he lives and shines a demi-god,
The first of creatures, he's a creature still;
If to another he his being owe
Derivative, he cannot be supreme;
If not supreme, no adoration due.
But if ador'd an idol, yet saith God
"Confounded be all they that idols serve."*
"But bow my angels at Immanuel's feet,"†
And worship HIM as ME, with equal zeal.
He, whose devouring breath, like streams of fire,

* Psalm xcvii. † Heb. i.

Idols and idol-makers shall consume,
Bids us adore the Son, and kiss his feet
In low prostration, Why? Because in him
Two natures join, a human and divine.
A man, a son he is, and yet a God.
The self-existing and eternal JAH!
One essence with the Father; we may bow,
And safely worship at Immanuel's feet;
For he is God with us: we may draw near
And pay our humble adoration there,
Upon the high authority of heav'n;
A warrant sign'd by God the Father's hand;
And seal'd with the great signet of the skies.
Unto the Son he saith, "Thy throne, O God,
Forever must endure, thy sceptre still,
Shall rule o'er heav'n and earth with bouudless sway.
They are the work of thine almighty hand;
They shall expire; but thou shalt yet remain
Triumphant in thine own eternity."
Hearst thou, Lothario, what the voice divine
Testifies of the Saviour's dignity?
Behold the starry glories of the skies;
The splendid king of day, and that bright moon,
Whose milder beams illuminate the night:
Behold the earth, clad in the gay attire
Of roseate summer, when the grove-crown'd hills
Rejoice, and humbler vallies laugh and sing.
Exalt thy view above th' etherial sky,
Behold the wing'd inhabitants who dwell
In happy fields, beyond the sons of morn;
Grand intellectual essences....from thence,
Look downward, thro' the vast, the various tribes

Of beings numberless, that float in air,
That walk the earth, and wash their scaly coats
In limpid streams, and ocean's briny wave:
All these, the creatures of Immanuel's hand,
To being by his mighty fiat call'd,
Live on his bounty; own him Lord of all!
And, with a solemn, glorious voice proclaim
The mighty builder of an universe
So grand, so good, so eminently fair,
Can be no less a being than a God;
The uncreated, self-existent God.
Do the whole race of creatures owe their birth
To the Redeemer's pow'r, and on his will
Depends their being? then Lothario breathes
The breath he gave him, that immortal soul,
With all its reas'ning, pow'rs, thy boast, thy pride;
The wond'rous casket where that jewel dwells,
Form'd by his great creating hand, upheld
By constant emanations of his pow'r;
Witness th' important truth, that he to whom
Creation owes her being, must himself
Be uncreate, eternal and supreme.
Who's then the thief, Lothario, thou or I?
Say, who's the wretch who robs his God of praise!
I bow before my Maker's awful throne;
Ascribe to him essential deity,
And join angelic hosts to worship him,
In due obedience to the high command
Of the eternal Father. Thou more bold,
Dar'st to stand forth, and in the face of heav'n,
Undeify thy Maker, spurn the law
To angels given by th' eternal king,

Charge the immutable and changeless God
With mutability; the God whose heart
Abhors idolatry, with setting up
Of idol worship....I the charge return
Of blasphemy and treason on thyself;
I am a loyal subject to the king
Invisible, immortal, ever blest,
But thou'rt a traitor of the blackest kind,
A rebel of the deepest, darkest dye;
A vile ingrate, who breathes his Maker's air,
Who lives upon the bounties of his hand;
And tells him he is not a deity!
If to rebel against the great decree
Of heaven's Almighty, be to honor him,
To contradict his sov'reign voice, and mar
His bright perfections, be to glorify
The God you worship, then Lothario gives
Abundant glory to his deity.
When disobedience for obedience stands;
And contumacy proves our loyalty,
Then will th' eternal Father's smile approve
Lothario's worship, and accept his zeal.
Till then, his frown the rebel must pursue,
And his strong arm avenge the bold affront.*

* Compare Exod. xx. 3, 4, with Psalm xcvii. 7, and Heb. i. 6. Here we find the infinite Jehovah claiming to himself the honors of divine worship as his own peculiar right, and forbidding the adoration of any creature whatever, in heaven or earth, in the most direct terms, and yet laying as direct and positive an injunction upon the most exalted of his creatures, to pay that very worship to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Worship HIM, all ye gods," saith the eternal Father: the apostle Paul informs us, this glorious HIM, is no other per-

To fix the crown upon Messiah's head;
To prove the Saviour's character divine,
The Holy Ghost, Spirit of Truth appears
A witness incontestible, and gives
The clearest evidence, so bright, so full,
So big with demonstration, that to doubt,
Argues the proud, perverse, rebellious heart,
More than the sable shades of ignorance

son than the Lord Jesus Christ; consequently, he is the self-existent God; for, if we suppose him a mere man, with the Socinian, or a demi-god with the Arian, yet we must suppose him to be a creature; and then God the Father, in commanding him to be worshipped, commands that very act of idolatry, which he hath himself so expressly forbidden; but this supposition is absurd to an extreme, and full of blasphemy; it is highly derogatory to the divine perfections, and very unworthy of the deity. But if the Lord Jesus Christ possesses two natures in one person, not only the human, in its highest degree of perfection, but also a divine, co-equal, co-eternal, co-essential with the Father and Holy Spirit; possessing his being in and of himself alone, which is the truth, then there is the highest propriety in this command for the angels to worship him; and it does not clash in the least with the first and second commandments, because he is in unity of essence with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, that very Jehovah who forbids idol worship, and claims all the adoration of his creatures as his own peculiar right....In commanding divine worship to be paid to the Redeemer, and in ascribing the great work of creation to him, which can be the production of no less a being than an infinite God; and therefore, says the apostle, "He that built all things is God," Heb. iii. 4. God the Father gives the strongest testimony possible to the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ; and whoever dares to reject that testimony, do it at the peril of their souls: and though they who do, vainly suppose they

Clouding the mind....See a bright train arise
Of prophets and apostles ; proof on proof,
Establishing this grand and glorious truth,
That Jesus is Jehovah ! God supreme.
They sung his name Immanuel, God with us,
God in our nature, manifest in flesh.*
The Lord of Hosts himself,† the mighty God;
The Father of eternity, the prince
Of peace divine, who made it with his blood.
Whose going forth in wisdom, pow'r and love,
Hath been from everlasting ; and shall be
While everlasting ages roll along.‡
Though a meek babe in humble Bethlehem,
In time he condescended to be born,
And in one glorious person made to meet
Two distinct natures, human and divine.
In lofty strains, the raptur'd prophets sing
The native honors of the Saviour-God,
Hail him Jehovah, and exalt his throne
All thrones above ; yet with sweet voice proclaim
His love and mercy to his ransom'd church,
Her Maker, husband, everlasting friend ;
And O, sweet name, The Lord her righteousness ;‖

are doing him honor ; yet the truth is, they cannot offer him a more insolent, daring and aggravated affront: they give him the lie to his face ; they rob him of his brightest perfections, and add to the sin of disobedience, that of high treason against the glorious Redeemer, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, whom God the Father's soul delighteth to honor.

* Isaiah vii. 14. † Isaiah viii. 13....1 Pet. ii. 8. ‡ Micah v. 2.
‖ Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

The Lord her strength ; he who alone can be
A just Jehovah, yet a Saviour-God.*
God over all,† the only potentate,
The only wise, who in himself alone
Hath immortality.‡ Th' essential word,‖
Who tabernacled in a house of clay
Man amongst men, yet in whose person shines
The brightness of the Father's glory forth,
In beams so radiant, that no mortal eye
Can bear the splendors....In our Jesus dwell
The full perfections of the deity.
Girt with omnipotence, he rules o'er all.
While his omniscient eye beholds the night
Shine as the day, and tenfold darkness blaze
In all the gilded beams of noon....He fills
Unbounded space ; and in supreme degree,
Possesses all the attributes divine.
The incommunicable names and things
Of heaven's Jehovah. Has Lothario heard
These faithful witnesses in concord sweet,
Record the native dignity of him
Who died on Calvary ? Has he not seen
Them bow the humble knee before his throne,
And as his heralds, sound from pole to pole
The glories of the great redeeming God ?
While yet their message is not theirs, but his
Who sent them forth. Th' eternal Spirit speaks
By prophets and apostles to mankind,
And sets his royal seal, the seal of heav'n
To this grand truth, that Jesus, Son of God,

* Isaiah xlv. 21. † Rom. ix. 5. ‡ 2 Tim. vi. 15, 16.
‖ John i. 6.

Is the eternal self-existent JAH.
The great first cause: to whom creation owes
Her birth and being; by his potent voice
Call'd from the womb of chaos and upheld
T' exalt the glories of its maker God.
What says Lothario to this evidence?
Is it not valid, pointed, strong and clear,
Decisive, and sufficient to repel
The subtile arguments of unbelief?
Is not this witness, worthy to be heard?
Worthy of credit? Can'st thou aught object
T' invalidate the evidence he gives?
Has he e'er err'd, or brought a false report?
No, he's the God of truth, that cannot lie;
Then why believe him not? With voice divine
He testifies of Jesus; and to him
Ascribes the names, the glorious characters,
And grand perfections of the deity.
This is the testimony of a God!
But lo! Lothario rises from the dust,
A creature of a day; a worm of earth,
And strong in all the might of reason's pow'r,
Denies the grand assertion....Say, O man
Profoundly wise, who must the liar be
In this great contest, is it earth or heav'n?
Lothario, or his God? Shame flush the cheek,
And harrow up the rebel soul who dares
Impute such infamy to his Creator.
No! just and true art thou, Almighty king;
A God of truth, without iniquity.
'Tis the proud reas'ning insect of the earth;
The mite drop'd down from the Creator's hand

Deep in the bosom of his universe ;
(Less in his sight than is the grass-hopper)*
Who darkens counsel, and with erring tongue
And stubborn heart, rejects the voice of heav'n,
Because his finite nature cannot grasp
The nature of the infinite I AM !
His purblind reason cannot comprehend
The great, the grand incomprehensible.

Behold the Son of man in robes of light,
Walking amidst the golden candlesticks :
Celestial splendors shine around his head !
Girt with omnipotence ; his flaming eye
Darts lightnings round, piercing the heights of heav'n,
The depths of hell, the gloomy shades of death,
And deepest recess of the human heart.
Like polish'd brass his feet ; so firm he stands
In all th' immutability of God.
His hand supports the stars, and from his lips
A two-edg'd sword proceeds, pointed and keen
To slay his enemies ; bright with the rays
Shot from vindictive justice's burning eye :
While as the sun in his meridian strength,
His count'nance shines in majesty divine :
Sublime his voice, more awful than the sound
Of many waters in tumultuous roar.
Let heav'n and earth attend, Messiah speaks !
And with solemnity beyond compare,
Declares his grand essential dignity.

" I am the first, the last, the great I AM.
The Alpha and Omega. Lord of ALL.

* Isaiah xl. 15, 17, 22.

Supreme, eternal ages past ; I reign
Thro' time, and shall extend my potent sway,
While everlasting ages roll along:
Th' Almighty, who was dead, but live again,
And live forever: lo! my hands contain
The adamantine keys of hell and death.
One with the eternal father ever blest;
In all the grand essential dignities
And independence of the deity.
My name is King of kings, and Lord of lords.
On my white horse I ride triumphant forth,
Conqu'ring, to conquer all my enemies,
By the vindictive terrors of my hand;
Or the sweet sceptre of victorious love.
Great shepherd of my sheep, with my strong arm
I snatch them from the jaws of death and hell.
And from the east and west; from north and south,
Gather my lambs with condescending grace,
And in my gentle bosom foster them,
With all the kind compassions of a God!
Yet on my great white throne I shall appear,
My throne of judgment; from before my face
The heav'ns and earth shall flee, my voice shall shake
Hell from its deep foundation....shall unloose
The bands of death, and call his pris'ners up,
To hear their final sentence from my mouth!
To own my great determinations just,
And feel and know that God is judge himself,
The mighty God, Jehovah: then to me
All knees shall bow, and ev'ry tongue confess
That I am Lord, to God the Father's praise.

He loves the Son, and to his hand commits
All judgment, that his creatures may adore,
And equal homage, equal honors pay,
As to the Father: he that honors ME,
Honors the Father; he that disobeys,
Shall feel the vengeance of a triune God.
The sinner who believes not that I AM,
Dies in his sins, sinks to the depths of hell,
To endless night and everlasting fire.
While in my kingdom, shall my saints rejoice,
And see in their Redeemer's person shine
The fulness of unclouded deity."

Thus speaks the lips of truth, can doubt arise
Against a testimony so divine!
'Tis written, in the mouth of two or three,
Whose witness harmonize, shall every word
Establish'd, in public credit, stand,
Nor scrup'lous unbelief dare wag her tongue.
Here then, Lothario, is th' eternal three,
The undivided God, in essence one,
Bearing united evidence to prove
The native grandeur of the sinners' friend;
The babe at Bethlehem; the man who groan'd
In sad Gethsemane, who bled and died
A sacrifice for sin on Calvary.
The God whose arm supports an universe;
The king supreme, who reigns o'er earth and heav'n,
And stretches forth his empire over hell.
Jehovah Jesus, bright with all the rays
Of the eternal Father's majesty,
His own essential, independent right.

And is Lothario deaf to all the proof
A God can give of his divinity?
And is Lothario blind to all the beams
Of light divine that revelation pours
On the grand mystery of godliness?
How would Lothario smile, should he behold
An idiot shutting out the light of day,
Refusing the bright glories of the sun,
To cheer him with a taper's feeble beam.
Yet such thy folly, O thou man of parts!
Deep read in science, nurtur'd in the schools
Of lit'rature, thou with maturest thought,
Rejectst the glorious beams of light divine,
The unerring testimony of a God;
To walk by the false glimm'ring of thine own
Depraved, beclouded reason. Reason cries,
(Right reason, reason sanctified by grace)
Cries with loud voice, sinner obey thy God!
Receive his mandates, and believe his word!
'Tis reason's triumph to fall lowly down,
And bow to revelation's grand display
Of sacred truth; and where its pow'rs, o'ercome
By splendors all divine, must sink and fail;
Believe and acquiesce with humble awe,
Silent, adore the heights it cannot climb,
Ascribing truth and wisdom to its God.

Does the Redeemer to himself assume
All the grand titles due to deity,
And is he not the deity supreme?
Is he a virtuous, high exalted man,
Humble and lowly while he dwelt below,

Now ruling all things by deputed pow'r ?
Where is his virtue, if he utter lies ?
Where is his goodness, if he can deceive ?
Where's his humility if he presume
To arrogate the style of deity ?
The glorions characters, and awful names
Of heav'ns Jehovah, this were blasphemy ;
Pride, horrid pride ; no virtuous, holy man
Dare so presume, t' would stamp his character
The worst of beings : can Lothario's faith
Commit his soul to such a saviour's hands ?
Nay, be consistent; if he be not God,
As he asserts, say not he is a man
Pessess'd of every virtue, good and great.
Reject him as a cheat, impostor vile ;
Commit thy erring bible to the flames,
And seek salvation by some other way
Than that reveals ; that knows no other name
Than Jesus Christ, the ever-living God.
Say he is holy, then his word is true ;
For truth and holiness can never part ;
If true his word, the titles he assumes,
The glorious attributes he calls his own,
Must be his native right....Grant this....He shines
In the full splendors of the deity,
The uncreate, the ever blest I AM.
No cheat, no impostor, but the great God,
The righteous judge, who comes in flaming fire,
To pour his wrath upon his enemies.
O, may Lothario, by his grace subdu'd,
Fall at his feet in time, and kiss the Son,
That when that day arrives, he may appear

The God of his salvation; angels then
Shall tune their golden harp, and sweetly sing
The prodigal restored to life and peace,
Their master honored, and a sinner sav'd:
And while joy echoes thro' the courts of heav'n,
The distant earth shall catch the pleasing sound,
Saints shall delight to hear the news, to see
Triumphant truth prevail, and error fall,
Jesus exalted, and Lothario blest.*

* It was appointed by the Mosaic law, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word should be established: now, if the witness of men is to be received, as to the things of men, the witness of God is greater, and certainly ought to be received as to the things of God. There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit, and these three not only are one in essence, but bear one united testimony of the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. The declarations of God the Father upon this grand subject are noticed in the former note. The witness of the Holy Spirit runs throughout the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Both prophets and apostles proclaim this illustrious truth, and the Redeemer, who assumes to himself the character of essential truth, John xiv. 6, assumes to himself also, all the other characters, perfections and titles, which peculiarly belong to the deity....One of the grand characteristics of Jehovah, is that of being the searcher of the heart, and the trier of the reins of the children of men, 1 Kings viii. 39. "Then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place: and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his work, whose heart thou knowest; for thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men," Psalm vii. 9. "For the righteous God trieth the heart and reins," Jer. xi. 20. "O Lord of Hosts that judgest righteously, that triest the reins and the heart," Jer. xvii. 10. "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins." Now, the Lord Jesus, speaking

Let us, by truth and contemplation led,
From modern scenes, and European climes
Retire; and thro' the fields of Palestine,

of himself, directly assumes this character, Rev. ii. 23.... "And all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and heart, and I will give unto every one of you according to your works," John ii. 24, 25. "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." Ezek. xxxiv. 11, 12. The infinite Jehovah condescends to take upon him the character of the great and true shepherd of Israel; for thus saith the Lord God, Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out, as a shepherd seeketh out his flock, Isaiah xl. 10, 11. "Behold the Lord God will come with a strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold his reward is with him, and his work before him, he shall feed his flock like a shepherd." The Lord Jesus assumes this character, John x. 17. "I am the good shepherd," 1 Peter ii. 25. "For ye were as sheep going astray, but ye are now returned unto the shepherd and bishop of your souls," Heb. xviii. 20. "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep." The supreme government of heaven and earth is ascribed to the deity, Psalm xlvii. 2, 7. "For the Lord most high is terrible, he is a great king over all the earth, for God is the king of all the earth." But this is ascribed to the Lord Jesus, Rev. xix. 16, as his proper name and title, "King of kings, and Lord of lords." The final judgment of all men, is a work for which none but the deity can be competent; it is therefore ascribed unto him, Psalm l. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6. "The mighty God even the Lord, hath spoken and called the earth from the rising of the sun, unto the going down thereof: our God shall come, and shall not keep silence, a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him; he shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth,

Imperial Salem, and the flow'ry vale
Of Olivet, attend the Saviour-God.
See him, a man, in humble plain attire,

that he may judge his people, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness, for God is judge himself." But the New Testament declares that grand work will be performed by the Lord Jesus Christ....See Matt. xxv, John v. 22, 23.... "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the father; he that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." Now, none can be competent to be the judge of men and angels, but he who is the infinitely righteous, omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent God. But the Lord Jesus Christ will be the judge of men and angels, consequently he is the infinitely righteous, omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent God, Isa. viii. 13, 14. "Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread and he shall be for a sanctuary, but for a stone of stumbling, and for a rock of offence to both houses of Israel." Compare this with Rom. ix. 32, 33. For they stumbled at that stumbling-stone, as it is written, "Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone, and rock of offence, and whosoever believeth in him shall not be ashamed." Here it is very evident that the Lord Jesus Christ is intended, but Isaiah styles this very person the Lord of Hosts himself. Consequently, the Lord Jesus is the Lord of Hosts himself, which is the grand and most sublime characteristic of the deity, and which none but the self-existent deity can possibly sustain. If we attend to the testimony the Lord Jesus bears of himself, we shall find that he assumes the most essential attributes of the godhead, in the plainest and most unequivocal manner possible, Rev. i 8. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty," ver. 17. "I am the first and the last,"

Despis'd, rejected by the sons of men,
Though from his lips all-gracious accents flow,
And heav'nly wisdom sits upon his tongue.
Though his kind heart and lib'ral hand diffuse
Ten thousand all-important blessings round:
Astonish'd multitudes about him press,
And from his rich magnificence, receive
Supplies, as various as their wants require;
For thro' the veil of flesh, that deep disguise,
The glories of a God illustrious shine:
In acts of matchless pow'r confound his foes,
And prove him the Jehovah infinite.
See universal nature own her Lord,

John viii. 24. "If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins," ver. 58. "Before Abraham was, I AM." Compare this with Isaiah xli 4. "I the Lord the first, and with the last, I AM he," Isaiah xliii. 11. "I, even I am the Lord, and besides me there is no Saviour," xliv. 6. "Thus saith the Lord, the king of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts, I am the first, and I am the last, and besides me there is no God." "I and my Father are one," John x. It is impossible for the word of God to be more clear and explicit upon this subject than it is; how dark and benighted must that understanding be, that cannot see this grand truth? how rebellious must that heart be, that does see, but will not receive it, and which proudly and obstinately dares to reject and disbelieve the testimony of a triune God? Vain man would be wise, though he is born like a wild ass' colt: Job. But that wisdom is foolishness to an extreme, that would exalt itself above the wisdom of God; it is the highest point of wisdom, and the noblest triumph of reason, to bow with acquiescence, humble faith, and holy delight to divine revelation, and thereby to honor the infinite wisdom and veracity of Jehovah.

Wait with obsequious duty his command,
And swift obedience to his mandate pay.
The blushing water owns the present God,
And reddens into wine! th' obedient bread,
A scanty pittance, scarce enough to feed
A little band of hungry appetites,
See it enlarge, encrease and multiply,
And dine its thousands with sufficient food,
While more remains than first the table spread.
Th' astonish'd thousands, wond'ring stand and shout
Jesus the prophet and the Christ of God!

What crouds are these that compass him around,
And press to touch his seamless garment's hem!
Children of misery, a ghastly train,
Num'rous as fallen leaves that strew the ground
Before the autumnal breeze; emaciate, pale
With pining sickness some, and sore disease,
Some on the rack of agonizing pain
From stone, and sharp acute disorder bred;
Some scorch'd with burning fevers, in whose veins
Death flows triumphant in the purple flood,
And wild delirim revels in the brain.
Demoniac some, whose wretched carcases
Are made the dwelling of infernal fiends,
Toss'd at their pleasure in the briny wave,
Or raging fire, lost to humanity,
By strange distraction hurried to and fro;
No bands can hold them, nor no chains confine.
The mourners, who with cover'd lips exclaim
Unclean, unclean (symbolical of those
Who groan beneath the leprosy of sin).

Forbid the joys of sweet society,
Doom'd to perpetual solitude and woe.
The blind, whose eye-balls ne'er behold the day,
Ne'er saw the light, whose balmy blessings cheer
The heart uncheer'd by any joy beside.
The lame, whose feet have never trod the earth,
Chain'd by contracted limbs to one abode.
The deaf, the dumb, sad strangers to the sweets
Of sounds and speech, condemn'd to pine away
In silence, while the circling years roll on.
These, and a thousand more sad objects come,
And throng around where'er the Saviour goes;
How eagerly they press to come in view;
How their hearts throb with anxious, strong desire
T' attract his notice, and obtain a cure!
While their united voice, and earnest cries,
Humble petitions to his ear address.
He speaks! 'tis done....the mourners cease to groan:
At his Almighty fiat, pale disease,
Acute disorder, all the ghastly train,
Death's messengers, retire, they quit their prey;
Death, disappointed, shakes his darts in vain,
And Jesus triumphs, sov'reign Lord of life!
See ruddy health her cheerful blessings shed,
Glow in each cheek, and sparkle in each eye:
Late pale and languid, lepers bless the voice
That spake them clean, for when the Saviour spake,
Omnipotence put forth its mighty arm
And heal'd them all....See! like the bounding roe,
The lame man leaps, and runs with nimble feet,
While his heart dances with extatic joy.
The stamm'ring tongue unloos'd, its silence breaks,

And its first accents learn Immanuel's praise.
The blind no more in shades of darkness sit,
A kind Redeemer speaks the gloom away,
Celestial light bursts on th' astonish'd eye,
And all its rapture, extacy and praise,
Satanic hosts obey his great command,
And at his bidding quit their wretched prey,
To seek for new abodes, their legions fly
Before his awful frown, lest his strong arm
Should chain them down ten thousand fathoms deep
In the black gulph, abhorred Tartarous,
While the poor mortals from their pow'r set free,
Wake to new life, and sing deliv'ring grace ;
Fall down and worship at Immanuel's feet,
And bless the great incarnate deity.
Hark ! how a thousand tongues repeat his name.
Hark ! how hosannahs echo through the air.
From heart to heart transporting pleasure flies,
And all is wonder, love and praise around.
Angels unseen admire ! and tune their songs
To swell the triumphs of the great God-man.

See a fond father weeping o'er his child ;
While mournful relatives stand round her bed
To bid a last adieu....The beauteous girl
Expiring lays, pale as the hand of death,
Disease has done his fatal work, and lo !
The gloomy king, high brandishing his dart,
Seizes his lovely prey ; life ebbs apace,
And death victorious folds her in his arms,
And lays the breathless victim in the dust.
But Jesus comes ! Can his strong arm arrest

The monster death, and force him to disgorge
The swallow'd morsel ?....Can his pow'rful voice
Call back the soul on angels' wings convey'd
Half way to heav'n, again to re-possess
Its late forsaken clay ? Yes, lo ! he speaks,
" Damsel arise !" The breathless victim breathes,
She wakes, she lives, to life and strength restor'd ;
Health volatile flows cheerful thro' her veins,
Glows in her cheek, and sparkles in her eye ;
While joy and wonder, gratitude and love,
Burst like a flood upon her aged sire,
And heights and depths of bliss unutt'rable
Convulse and agitate the mother's frame,
Such as a mother's breast alone can feel,
Such as a mother's tongue cannot describe.
Low at the great physician's feet they fall,
Adore his pow'r, and magnify his name.

Ah ! what sad sight is this that strikes mine eye,
A mournful train with slow and solemn pace,
Conducting to his cold mausoleum
A sleeping youth....He sleeps the sleep of death !
Late, like the bounding hart, his nimble feet
Tripp'd lightly o'er the hills, and thro' the plain ;
His gladd'ning heart beat high with cheerful hope,
From the bright prospect of long years to come,
While vig'rous health and gay vivacity
Inspir'd his mind, and in his count'nance shone ;
But now ! a breathless corpse, stretch'd on the bier
His active, nimble feet forget to move ;
No more his heart beats high with cheerful hope,
Nor gay vivacity, nor vig'rous health,

Play round his vitals and adorn his cheek.
Cold, pale and stiff, he lies ; triumphant death
With unrelenting hand, pass'd by grey hairs,
To pluck the new blown flow'r. What voice is that
Which strikes mine ear ? the voice of deep lament,
And o'ercharg'd sorrow, utt'ring words of woe,
And heavy import, " O ! my son, my son !
Would God that I had dy'd for thee, my son !"
Ah ! 'tis his mother ; let the tender heart
Prepare to sigh, let sympathy awake,
And shed a gen'rous tear to soothe her woe.
His widow'd mother ! he her only son !
The stay and staff of her declining years....
Snatch'd from her arms, to mingle with the dust :
No more his pleasing voice shall soothe her care,
His kind affection watch to minister
In acts of duteous love to all her need.
Fondly she entertain'd delusive hope
His gentle hand would close her dying lids,
And to the silent tomb commit her dust ;
But heav'n subscrib'd not to the vain desire.
See from her eyes sad floods of sorrow fall,
She droops, she faints ! O let some pitying friend
Support her sinking frame : all-gracious heav'n,
Smile on the mourner, bid thy comforts flow ;
O calm the stormy passions of her soul,
Breathe sweet submission to thy sov'reign will,
Thro' all her pow'rs....Lo ! the Redeemer comes !
Thou good physician, can thy sov'reign skill
Bring health and cure to this distracted mind ?
Canst thou salubrious balms apply, and find
A medicine for such a wound as this ?....

Lo! he draws near; he views the mournful train,
He knows the sighing mother's bleeding heart;
All the soft feelings of humanity
Glow in his gentle breast, and melt him down
To kind concern, and tend'rest sympathy:
Sweet pity sparkles in his gracious eye,
And all the rich compassions of a God
Divinely move to bid her sorrows cease.
Nor do her griefs rise higher for her son,
Than Jesu's strong compassions rise for her.
"Woman, weep not," the dear Redeemer saith:
Then with a gentle, yet Almighty voice,
He bids the dead arise! the dead obeys,
Starts into life at the divine command;
Rises in all the active strength of youth,
Springs from the useless bier, and at the feet
Of his restorer, hails his sacred name!
See the kind Saviour hastes to give him back
To his astonish'd parent's fond embrace.
Her tears no longer flow, her throbbing breast
No longer swells with agonizing woe:
Amazement and delight entrance her soul,
And wrapt in mute astonishment she stands!
Beholds her son, beholds her heav'nly friend,
And joy and gratitude divide her pow'rs.
Surrounding multitudes admire the deed;
Surprise and wonder fill their minds with awe.
They bless the glorious prophet, and adore
And glorify the God of Israel.
From tribe to tribe the splendor of his name
Spreads far and wide, the distant provinces

Hear and admire the wonders of his hand,
And throng to share the blessings he bestows.

Where'er we turn, what wonders strike our view!
Stupendous miracles, height above height,
Grandly sublime arising! With one voice,
As heralds of the heav'nly king, they sound
The trumpet of his praise, and cry aloud
"Behold the God of glory in the man
Whose nod controls creation! at whose word,
Disease, and death, and devils flee asham'd,
As night retires when radiant Sol appears."

See the belov'd, the friend of Jesus dies!
Again the haughty tyrant of the grave
Shakes his victorious dart, and hides it deep
In the kind heart of gentle Lazarus:
But lo! the friend of Jesus soars aloft....
He dies....He bursts to better life, and sings
A song of triumph o'er his conqu'ror.
Smiles at death's feeble shaft, defies his pow'r,
Wrapt in the bliss of immortality.
See two fair mourners weeping o'er his grave;
In all the sad solemnity of woe,
They mourn a brother; kind endearing name!
They mourn a friend; O name more sacred still,
Long interwoven with fraternal love,
Friendship had knit their kindred souls in one;
But death, relentless death, has torn away
Their better part: in vain the gentle voice
Of consolation pours her cordials forth,
And tender sympathy attempts in vain

To soothe their sorrows : four times hath the sun
With rising splendors crown'd this earthly orb;
Four times the moon with milder beams dispers'd
The gloom of darkness, since the yawning grave
Receiv'd their much-lov'd brother's sleeping clay,
And Jesus lingers :....Oft their wishful eyes
Look out in vain to see their Lord appear ;
Oft their impatient sighs break forth, and chide
The dear Redeemer for his long delay :
But lo ! he comes....let us attend his steps ;
He goes with the sad train to view the grave,
The cold mausoleum of his Lazarus.
Here soft affection kindles to a flame,
Fresh sorrows spring, and overwhelming woe
Bursts forth in floods of grief : tears, tender tears,
Drown ev'ry face ; and with pathetic voice,
Declare how much they lov'd, how much they feel.
Lo ! Jesus weeps ! astonish'd angels stand
In silent admiration and delight.
Behold ! the resurrection and the life !
The mighty Saviour lifts his eyes to heav'n ;
Then with the voice that call'd creation forth
From the dark womb of chaos and old night ;
That bade celestial light with orient beams
Shine on his universe : he speaks again,
And, " Lazarus, come forth !" is his command.
Hark ! gentle echo on her downy wing
Catches the sound, and back returns, " Come forth !"
Death to the centre of his dark domain
Hears the sublime command ; the sov'reign voice !
Death, to the centre of his dark domain
Trembles with mighty awe, loth to give up

His vanquish'd prey ; unable to detain.
Jesus the Son of Man ! Jesus the God !
Holds in his hand the adamantine key
That shuts and opens his ten thousand gates;
The locks fly back....he bursts the massy bars....
The captive leaves his dreary cave, forsakes
Worms and corruption, to enjoy the day:
He rises and comes forth, while angels sing
The boundless glories of the Son of man.

Hark ! how the winds, with hollow murmurs rise ;
The heav'ns grow black with clouds, a dismal gloom
Spreads o'er the hemisphere, and strikes dismay
Upon the stoutest heart....a sudden flood
Pours from on high, to meet the flood beneath;
And lo ! the swelling billows rise and rage
In battle dangerous ; the foaming waves
Lift their mountainous heads, like wat'ry Alps,
And threat the skies, then break with noise more dire
Than all the dreadful howls that pierce the woods,
In midnight hours, when wolves voracious prowl,
And the fierce lion fattens o'er his prey.
Amidst the waves, behold a little barque
Toss'd to and fro, the sport of raging winds ;
In vain the mariners their skill oppose,
The mad'ning tempest, deaf to all their cries,
Derides their efforts, and with thund'ring roar
Threats to entomb it in a wat'ry grave,
And make the deep their vast mausoleum.
And yet how safe the little vessel rides !
Encompass'd by the guardian care of heav'n,
She bears the grandest freight that ever sail'd,

Upon the hoary bosom of the deep !
A treasure richer than ten thousand worlds !
No haughty Caesar, but the great God-Man !
He sleeps, amidst the roar of elements ;
The thunders of the storm disturb him not,
So sweet he slumbers :....But the trembling crew,
His little company, all pale with fear,
Strange consternation wrote on ev'ry face,
Break his repose, with the terrific cry
Of " Master, lo ! we perish all !"
So quick, so ready, is his ear to hear
The breathings of his people in distress,
He wakens in a moment to their aid :
He rises in serenest majesty ;
Calm and compos'd, he looks upon his friends
With sweet complacence, mildly chides their fears ;
With solemn steps advances to the prow,
And views the storm, unmov'd : then with the voice
Divine, the voice that one day shall wake
The dead, and call to judgment all the sons
Of men, he gives the great, the grand command,
" Peace, thou proud restless deep : Ye winds, be still !"
'Tis done !....the deep puts on his smoothest face,
With softest gales, see gentle zephyrs play
On the smooth surface of the azure main,
And all is hush'd in silence and repose.

Say now, Lothario, for thy mental eye
Hath seen the sick made whole, the dead arise,
The wind and seas obey the Saviour's voice,
Is he a creature, man, or demi-god ?
Or is he the supreme, eternal JAH ?

See, universal nature, the whole race
Of beings animate, inanimate await
(His grand attendants) to assume what form
His sov'reign pleasure bids....to be and do
Whate'er his will appoints. Disease and death
Of ev'ry kind, in ev'ry stage obeys
His mighty fiat, while his potent voice
Controls the pow'rs of hell; their legions fly,
And roaring own the holy one of God.
The Son of man came not with borrow'd pow'rs;
Nor usher'd in his mighty miracles
With the grand sanction of "Thus saith the Lord!"
As did his servants, but with voice divine,
His own imperial name and potent arm,
In all the fulness of Almighty pow'r,
He rules a boundless empire, and controls
Heav'n, earth and hell, the winds, the seas, the dark
Domains of death, and all death's messengers,
And universal nature with a nod:
A look, a word, swifter than swiftest thought,
They hasten to obey his sov'reign will;
And by their ready, prompt obedience, prove
Their master is Jehovah infinite.
The self-existent, tho' incarnate God;
An independent being, who exists
And hath his being from himself alone.*

* That the divine nature of the Lord Jesus Christ is the Son of God, begotten of the Father from all eternity, or as the Nicene creed expresses it, "Before all worlds," is a very gross, absurd and erroneous, though an almost universally received opinion; it appears to be one of the grand sources of Arianism and Socinianism, and though it is sanctioned

Behold the Son of man with stately step,
Walks in the sanctuary, the house of pray'r
Appointed for all nations: here the voice

by being adopted by many great men, who hate Arianism and Socinianism with perfect hatred, yet nevertheless, it is contrary to the scriptures, and very derogatory to the glory of God, the Redeemer, who either is the self-existent God, or no God at all; if he is self-existent, he cannot be begotten, he cannot derive his existence from God the Father, but from the very necessity of his own nature, and is as independent as to his divine nature, of the Father, as the Father, who exists by the necessity of his nature, is independent of the divine nature of the Son....The scriptures reveal one infinite Jehovah. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord." Deut. vi. 4. And that in the one glorious Jehovah, there exists a trinity of divine persons, co-equal, co-essential, co-eternal. The characters of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are not revealed in the scriptures to inform us of the divine being, but to make known the characters and offices which the ever blessed trinity of persons in the undivided unity of the godhead are pleased to assume and sustain in the covenant of grace, and the grand work of redemption which that covenant provided "for us men, and for our salvation."....In almost every place in the New Testament, where the Lord Jesus is spoken of as a Son, it evidently relates to his human nature: to instance in only a few, "That holy thing that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." Luke i. 35, 10. Also, Christ glorified not himself to be made an high priest, but he that said unto him, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." As he saith also in another place, "Thou art a priest forever, after the order of Melchizedec." Heb. v. 5, 6. It is plain, that the Sonship here spoken of, is connected with the priestly office which the Lord Jesus sustained, and it consequently relates not to his divine nature, but to his human. As God, he is "without father, without mother, without descent; having neither

Of sacred joy was wont to fill the air
With glad hosannahs; here the kneeling saint,
Was wont to supplicate the aid of heav'n.

beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God (when manifested in the flesh) abideth a priest continually." Heb. vii. 3. The expression, 'like unto,' does not mean that he was not really and truly made the Son of God, but that he really was; see the same expression, Phil. ii. 7. "Took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men;" which implies, that Christ really took upon him the office of a servant, agreeable to Isaiah xlii. 1. "Behold my servant whom I uphold." And that he really was made a man, the apostle Paul applies the 7th verse of the 2d Psalm, entirely to the human nature of the Redeemer, Acts xiii. 32, 33. "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that he hath raised up Jesus again." As it is also written in the 2d Psalm, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." And if we advert to the text as it stands in the 2d Psalm, in connection with the 8th verse, we shall find it has nothing to do with the manner of the existence of the divine nature of the Redeemer, but it has to do with him as man and Mediator, as the great king whom God the Father hath determined to set upon his holy hill of Zion: "I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee: ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession." This evidently respects the grand work of redemption, and was eminently fulfilled, when presently after the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus, the gospel was preached to the Gentiles, the Spirit from on high was poured out upon the heathen world, and thousands and millions of sinners in the utmost parts of the earth were turned from dumb idols to serve the living God.... There are some scriptures, in which, what properly belongs

Devotion kindled here her purest fires,
While faith look'd wond'ring round, pleas'd to behold
Where'er she turn'd her bright and piercing eye,
The mystic glories of Immanuel shine;
While from his throne between the cherubim,
Jehovah smil'd, and sweet communion held
With upright worshippers. Ah! where are now

to the divine nature, is ascribed to Christ as the Son, that is, as man; and there are other scriptures, in which, what properly belongs to his human nature, is ascribed to his divine; but this is because of the infinite, close union of his two natures in one person; but, wherever we read of the Son's possessing any thing as derivative from the Father, it certainly respects his human nature, and not his divine. As man, he possesses all power, all government, and authority to judge the world at the last day, as the gift of the Father; but as Jehovah, they are his own essential right.

How amazingly absurd and erroneous also, is the idea, that the Holy Spirit is the breath of God, breathed by the Father and the Son. It is true, that the Lord Jesus breathed upon the apostles and they received the Holy Ghost: it was the way by which the Lord was pleased to communicate his Spirit to the apostles at that time; but, it by no means indicates the manner of the existence of the Holy Spirit. The scriptures reveal a triune Jehovah: but the manner of his existence is not revealed, this is a mystery which neither men nor angels can fathom: an infinite understanding alone can comprehend an infinite deity.

"A God alone can comprehend a God."...YOUNG.

As to the covenant of grace, and the grand work of redemption, it has pleased the ever blessed and glorious trinity to take upon them the names and characters of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom, as to the true God and eternal life, be everlasting honor and praise....Amen.

Those happy days? those upright worshippers?
Where are the songs of Zion and the flames
Of pure devotion now?....The strife of tongues
Assaults mine ear! a noisy din alarms,
Loud as tumultuous waves; confus'd uproar
Re-echoes thro' the hallow'd walks, and fills
With busy hubbub, and commotion strange,
God's holy house, the sacred seat of peace.
Glory of Salem, how art thou prophan'd!
A den of thieves! an house of merchandize!
Here money-changers sit with heaps of gold,
Here doves abound, sheep bleat and oxen low;
And men, more brutal still, with clamor rude,
Fearless of God and man, practis'd in guile,
Break ev'ry sacred, ev'ry moral tie:
But Jesus comes, and with an awful frown
Of holy indignation looks around;
"Take these things hence:" he cries, behold! they flee.
Guilt turns them pale, terrific horror strikes
Their frightful souls; confusion and dismay
Runs through the crowd: resistless they retire,
And like a flock of tim'rous sheep disperse,
And seek for safety in the speediest light.
But why?....He grasps no flaming thunderbolt,
But a small whip of platted cord....no crown
Imperial sits upon his brow, nor robes
Of majesty adorn the mighty king:
No Roman legions follow in his train;
He comes alone, or with a feeble few
Of unarm'd fishermen; yet lo! they fly,
As from the shoutings of victorious hosts,
Women and children hasten to retire.

Or he were God, or they were less than men.
What! leave their flocks, their merchandize, their
gold,
Aw'd by the presence of an unarm'd man!
No! they were hardy, fearless, stout and bold,
And bound by strong attachment to their gains;
Th' incarnate God put forth a gentle ray
Of his omnipotence, and all their might
Sunk into weakness, courage into fear;
With speed precipitate they quit the place
At the great mandate of Immanuel.
So when the kingly lion roars, and walks
The forest, meaner beasts retire with awe,
And leave him the sole monarch of the wood.

Who but the deity with gracious voice
Can softly whisper in the inmost soul
"Thy sins are all forgiven!" Who but a God
Supreme and infinite, can e'er absolve
The guilty criminal, can pardon sins
Against the awful majesty of heav'n?
But Jesus, the Redeemer oft pronounc'd
Th' amazing word, "Thy sins are all forgiv'n!"
The great High Priest, who for his people stood
And offered for their sin, and in their name
To justice infinite a sacrifice
As infinite as justice could demand,
Atonement all divine, and all complete;
To bring transgressors near a pard'ning God;
To reconcile them to his glorious self,
At once th' offended deity, the priest,
And grand atonement for his ransom'd church;

No creature sacrifice could put away
The dark, the deep malignity of sin.
No creature, can acquit a guilty soul;
That is the high prerogative of heav'n;
But Jesus speaks the consolating word:
He pardons sins, the same Almighty voice
That bade the sick be whole, the dead arise,
Says to the mourning sinner, "Cease thy fears,
Thy sins are blotted out!" To creature pow'r,
This is impossible, but to the God
Of nature, grace and providence, alike
Are all things easy. When apostles spake
And prophets wrought the mighty work of God,
'Twas in his glorious name, and by his pow'r;
"Thus saith the Lord!" preceded all they did:
But when Immanuel speaks, 'tis like a God
Eternal, independant and supreme;
The sov'reign master of the universe!
Lord of the sabbath, Saviour of the soul!
Cleansing the body and immortal mind,
With this grand, all-important word, I WILL!

And is this vast display of sov'reign pow'r,
The glorious witness of a triune God?
The pattern of redeemed saints on earth,
And the bright armies in the world above,
Too impotent to gain Lothario's ear,
And make a convert of his unbelief!
Cannot celestial truth with sun-like beams
Disperse the shades of error from his mind?
Still sits proud reason umpire in his soul?
Vain, ignorant and blind, dare she presume

To scan infinity, and still reply
'Gainst the united voice of heav'n and earth?
Presumptuous, dare she yet reject the voice
Of revelation, sacred and divine,
Whereby Jehovah condescends to make
Himself and grand designs to mortals known?
O folly in extreme! O proof of proofs!
That man, proud, reas'ning man, is sunk below
The brute, in blindness, ignorance and sin.
The ox his feeder knows, the stupid ass
His master's crib, but man, apostate man,
Denies his God!....Blush human nature, blush!
Astonish'd angels marvel at the sight,
Astonish'd devils scorn the wretched fool.

Amidst the ills of life, the thousand ills
Entail'd by sin upon the sons of men;
Griefs that o'erwhelm the soul, flood after flood,
And pour confusion on their brightest joys.
Severe affliction, disappointment strange,
At whose dire frown hope sickens and expires:
See how Lothario, arm'd with all the pow'rs
That reason and philosophy can give,
Endures the storm: awhile he stands compos'd,
Unmov'd he hears the distant thunders roll,
And, self-sufficient, meets th' uplifted stroke
With manly courage; but anon, the waves
Indignant roar, the black'ning tempest darts
A thousand thunderbolts around his head;
His heart, his soul, transfix'd in sore amaze,
He stands confounded, all his strength of mind,
Absorb'd in sorrows, (like the melting snow)

Sinks into weakness, or to stoic brass,
Hard'ned by oft repeated blows....in vain
He calls his boasted reason to his aid;
Her sober voice is drown'd amidst the roar
Of noisy passion; passion holds the reins,
And all is tumult in his anxious mind:
Reason, too weak to sound the depths divine,
Too dim to trace the mazy paths, and scan
The secret, great designs of providence,
Affords a poor support; she faints beneath
The mighty weight, and yields the sceptre up
To discontent, proud murm'ring, sad despair;
Black glooms of melancholy overspread
His soul; nor can philosophy compose
His troubled spirit....dismal as the night,
Moonless and cheerless, see Lothario lean
O'er yonder brook, absorb'd in pensive thought,
He muses terror, while destruction hangs
Like a huge pile of mountains o'er his head,
And threatens, by an instantaneous fall,
To crush him into attoms....Lo! the shock,
Too rude for nature's pow'rs, sweeps him away
Hopeless, without a friend, without a God.

Hark! how soft echo on her gentle wing
Wafts a sweet song to my enraptur'd ear!
List! O my soul! 'tis solemn and divine!

"Amidst a thousand storms I stand,
Guarded by an Almighty hand;
Tho' sorrows rise, and thunders roar,
I'm still preserv'd, I'm still secure;

And shall, tho' death and devils frown,
Possess a bright celestial crown.
Jesus, my God, I trust thy power
To make me more than conqu'ror;
On thine omnipotence depend,
My glorious all-sufficient friend;
Thy smiles shall chase my griefs away,
And turn my darkness into day."

Hail! voice, well known....'tis Theodosius sings!
Long has he struggled with surrounding woes:
The fiercest shafts of Satan, rudest frowns
Of earth, shock after shock, wave after wave,
His substance plunder'd by rapacious hands;
Spoil'd of domestic joys by greedy death:
Where'er he turns, affliction meets his view,
And all his steps are measur'd by the cross:
Yet lo! he stands compos'd and placid still,
Unmov'd, unshaken; tho' the tempest roar,
He rises still superior to the storm;
Triumphs by faith; while gentle patience breathes
Sweet peace and calm serenity within.
His faith built firm on the eternal rock,
Jehovah Jesus, pierces through the cloud
Of present things, and sees all safe beyond:
His righteousness, his sacrifice, his strength;
His bliss, his treasure, everlasting all,
Concenters in the ever-bless'd God-man:
His joy in sorrow, life in death; his peace
Amidst the loudest thunders of the storm.
No stoic, he only feels the keen attacks
Of pale-ey'd grief, but when his courage droops,

His fainting heart recovers at the smile
Of his kind Saviour; his supporting hand
Upholds, his wisdom guides, his presence cheers;
And happy Theodosius travels on,
Leaning by faith on his redeeming God;
Faint, yet pursuing, sorrowful, yet with joy:
Oftimes his heart exults in glorious hope
Of that bright crown eternity presents,
With all its heav'nly splendors to his view.

Behold Orestes on the bed of pain:
No storms burst o'er his head, no rude alarms
Disturb'd his quiet; while the king of day,
Bright Sol, with forty summers crown'd the earth;
Nurs'd in the lap of ease, he journey'd on
Secure thro' life, the calm philosopher,
The man of reason: well Orestes knew
The paths of science; how to weigh the air,
Measure the stars, and circumscribe the sun,
Of virtue much he talk'd....of God, and things
Great and abstruse; himself so great, so good,
So bright his virtues, and so rare his parts,
That all-sufficient in himself he stood,
Doubtless of heav'n....imputed righteousness,
The grand atonement of a Saviour's blood,
The great incarnate Saviour, God o'er all:
These are the objects of Orestes' scorn,
And folly in his sight, so wise is he.
But death, terrific king, gloomy as night,
Bends o'er his bed, and with his keenest dart,
Aims at his breast an unexpected blow:
The veil's withdrawn!....a sudden burst of light

Illumes his mind, a sudden voice more dire
Than the loud crash of falling mountains, rouse
His slumb'ring soul....He wakes, to sleep no more:
Conscience, deep stung by the ne'er dying worm,
Loud as ten thousand thunders, on his ear
Pours her complaints; and to his eye presents
A long, tremendous scroll....within, without,
In plainest characters inscrib'd with sin,
Sin unaton'd, a just and jealous God,
A dread eternity, a certain hell.
O awful sight! In vain with gentle words
The messengers of peace attempt to soothe
The anguish of his mind, and set in view
The riches of redeeming grace; the heights
And depths, the lengths and breadths of love divine,
The blood of Jesus, all-sufficient blood,
To wash his crimson soul as white as snow;
His righteousness, sufficient to acquit
The chief of sinners, who by precious faith
Can trust a ruin'd soul on that alone.
His stormy passions kindle at the name
Of Jesus: "No! (with dismal voice he cries)
I cannot look that way! Is there no name
But Jesus, that can save a soul from hell?
I have renounc'd his righteousness, despis'd,
And long rejected his atoning blood.
I feel he is a God, the God supreme....
But I've deny'd his deity, deny'd
My Maker: now his wrath awak'd, like streams
Of fire, burns in my soul: behold he stands,
Like a fierce lion, ready to devour
And crush my bones to atoms....Must I go,

And stand before him? That's the hell of hells!
Asham'd, abash'd, how shall I bear his frown!
Hide me, O earth, and thou profoundest deep!
If in creation can be found a spot
Which his bright flaming eye cannot pervade,
There let me shelter from the dreadful frown
Of that just judge."....He pauses! horror sits
In strong convulsions on his countenance,
While black despair and anguish wring his heart:
A sudden groan alarms attending friends!
He dies!....With trembling steps they quit his bed,
Silent and sad, with fearful awe o'erwhelm'd.

Not so the happy Theodosius dies;
Death comes not like a dreadful enemy
To sweep him in a whirlwind from the earth;
His sting's extracted by the Lord of life,
Who bids him with an angel's face appear,
And smiling, gently summons him away
From all the ills of time, to the bright realms
Of perfect peace, and sweet celestial day.
In his calm soul no awful terrors rise,
No dismal gloom distorts his countenance,
Serene and placid as a summer's eve,
He smiles on death, and welcomes his approach:
By faith divine, triumphs in glorious hope,
As his best blessing; triumphs o'er the grave,
Secure of heav'n and immortality.
"Weep not (he cries to his surrounding friends)
Weep not; my hope is firm, my heav'n secure;
Jehovah Jesus, my redeeming God,
Is gone, my great forerunner to prepare

My seat on high ; my mansion in the skies :
Now he invites, and calls my soul away
To prove its glories, and at his right hand
Enjoy the fruits of all his victories
O'er Satan, sin and death : my conqu'ring Lord
Bruis'd Satan's head for me ; he vanquish'd sin
When on the cross he hung, my sacrifice.
No condemnation, now against my soul
Is register'd in heav'n : Who shall condemn ?
My Christ acquits, God Jesus justifies,
And I am safe ! a pardon'd sinner, sav'd
By sov'reign grace ; electing love that wrote
My worthless name in Jesu's book of life,
Before I had a being, wrote my name
Deep in Immanuel's heart, that precious heart
That groan'd, was pierc'd, and burst in twain for me.
Rejoice ! rejoice, ye Israel of God;
For me, for you, he dy'd, and with his robe
Of spotless righteousness adorn'd our souls :
Our advocate on high, he pleads our cause,
Till in his Father's presence we appear
To prove the fulness of eternal joy.
I long to go !....Come, O my Saviour-God,
Bring thy bright chariot, let my soul ascend,
And on the wings of holy seraphs mount
To that bright world where my Redeemer reigns,
Where I sall see his face with joy extreme,
And in his presence dwell to hymn his name,
While everlasting ages roll along."
He pauses....faints beneath the mighty joy ;
Revives again, again exulting tells
Of Jesus' kindness ; triumphs in his name,

And smiles at death, defies his pow'r to kill,
And rises all victorious o'er the grave !
" Precious salvation !" says the dying saint,
" Precious salvation !"....with a gentle sigh,
He breathes his soul into his Saviour's hands,
Upborne on angel wings to heav'n he soars,
To sing salvation to the bleeding lamb,
Thro' the long ages of eternity !

How great the contrast of these dying beds !
The man of faith, the friend of Jesus soars
To the bright world where boundless pleasures flow
In one vast ocean of immortal bliss,
Extatic joy and infinite delight.
The scholar of Socinus, foe profess'd
To God the Saviour, sinks in black despair
To the dark regions of eternal woe !
There, he forever feels the force of truth,
And reason bows to revelation's voice.
But soon, with awful glory, solemn pomp,
A contrast still more striking shall appear,
And heav'n and earth, angels and men behold
The scene sublime, the grand concluding scene,
When the dissolving sun shall pour his fires,
Like a vast deluge on the flaming earth !
When time expires, and bursting from the skies,
The God of glory on a throne of light,
Unnumber'd millions of the sons of morn
Swelling his splendid train, in solemn state
The judge supreme appears !....His mighty voice
Shakes heav'n and earth, the echoing spheres resound,
" Arise ye dead, and come to judgment ! stand

Before the Son of man, and hear his voice
Pronounce eternal bliss, or endless shame,
Your everlasting portion!" See the throng,
The glorious armies of redeemed saints,
How bright they shine in splendors all divine;
Hark! with triumphant songs they meet their God,
Wash'd from their sins in his atoning blood;
Clad in his robe of spotless righteousness;
Complete in him, perfect in holiness.
On clouds of dazzling light upborne, they soar
Amidst angelic guards, to take their place
At his right hand, to see his smiling face,
And in his presence quaff immortal joy
Thro' everlasting years....they tune their harps
To sweetest, loftiest strains, the concave rings
With hallelujahs....saints and angels join
To sing salvation and the Saviour-God,
In one grand chorus of unbounded praise.

Say, in this great, tremendous, awful day!
This sudden burst of glory, this grand scene!
How shall Messiah's enemies appear?
Say, with what eyes shall they behold the judge,
The God, the Saviour? Where's the reas'ners now?
The proud Lotharios; scientific men,
The bold Orestes; will they stand forth,
Now, in the midst of flaming worlds, and prove
That Jesus is no God! that creatures need
No righteousness divine, no sacrifice?
Will they deride him now, and summon all
Their potent arguments upon this field?
With strong persuasive eloquence debate

In long orations ? No ! their eyes behold
Jehovah Jesus on his judgment seat !
This is no place for infidelity !
Her mouth is stop'd....The great contest is o'er !
And demonstration of the highest kind
Decides th' important question : now explain'd,
The mystery of godliness shines forth ;
God manifest in flesh appears to view,
And doubt and contradiction swept away,
Shrink from his presence ! at his frown expire !

Lo ! from their dungeons drag'd, the pris'ners come,
Forc'd by a dire necessity to quit
The silent grave....O, could they there abide,
There hide forever, 'twould appear a boon
Beyond conception great, but 'tis deny'd ;
No, they must stand before the Son of man !
High on his great white throne he sits supreme,
And all the bright effulgence of a God
Shine in his person, and in splendid beams
Dart glories inexpressible around !
Pale with amazing horrors, lo ! they come,
Abash'd, asham'd, silent as death, nor dare
Behold Immanuel's face ; his flaming eye
Darts thro' their souls : the guilty fugitives
Stand self-convicted, self-condemn'd : despair,
Arm'd with ten thousand terrors, gathers round,
Bursts in a mighty flood, o'erwhelms, and sweeps
Celestial hope eternally away.
No more they scorn the great redeeming God ;
No more they doubt of his divinity ;
Their eyes behold, their hearts confess the truth ;

They feel the pow'r of his omnipotence
Thro' all their being; feel no creature's wrath
Consume them, but the veng'ance of a God!
The wrath awak'd of injur'd deity!
In vain to rocks and hills they call to hide
And screen them from the lamb's indignant frown:
The falling mountains can afford no shade
From his broad burning eye, and when his voice
Shakes heav'n and earth, and echoes through the spheres,
"Depart ye cursed into endless fire!"
His frown, worse than a thousand hells, pursues
And sinks them down to the abhorred pit
Where infinite despair and horrors reign:
There, thro' a long eternal night they groan,
The scorn and sport of devils; deeper plung'd
Than millions in the dreadful burning lake:
Tophet for them stirs up his fiercest fires,
And in perdition seven fold, they prove,
The wrath of Jesus is the wrath of God.

Behold the New Jerusalem appears!
Bright with celestial splendors, there enthron'd,
Jesus Jehovah reigns: low at his feet
His ransom'd millions bow; in rapt'rous songs
They hymn his glorious name: triumphant joys
Inspire their swelling notes: salvation sounds
Thro' all th' eternal arches: love and praise
Glow in each heart, and dwell on ev'ry tongue:
Angels and glad archangels join the theme,
And all is wonder, harmony, and bliss.
Peace, everlasting peace, serenely flows

In the pure bosoms of the sons of light;
And while eternal ages roll along
They prove the heights and depths of sov'reign grace,
Of dying love; and in sweet unison
Ascribe salvation, honor, pow'r, and praise,
To their incarnate God, who lives and reigns
The Lord of glory, tho' the Son of man.

O blest eternity! when will the shades
Of time withdraw, and thy bright morn appear;
When happy saints shall thus behold their God,
And celebrate his name to harps of gold?
Till then, tho' with a feebler voice, in strains
Imperfect, with a meaner song than theirs,
Let universal nature own her Lord;
And at his footstool offer up an hymn
Of holy gratitude, and humble praise.
Praise him, O sun, celestial king of day!
When with bright rising beams thou crown'st the earth,
And when with full meridian splendors deck'd,
Thy flaming car hath climb'd the heights of noon,
Bow at the footstool of Immanuel's throne,
Who call'd thee into being, bade thee blaze
In all the rich magnificence of day!
Fountain of light and heat....in dewy eve,
When thou illum'st the western clouds with gold,
And sup'st with Thetis, let thy song arise
Till Hesper ushers in the starry host,
And Cynthia dart her silver rays around.
Praise him, thou moon; and all ye worlds of light:
Ye planets, as ye roll in boundless space,
O let your mighty orbs in mystic song

Record the wonders of the Son of man ;
Sing the Creator, the Redeemer-God.
Ye comets, bow your grand terrific heads,
And while th' affrighted earth admiring views
Your trains majestic sweep thro' half the skies,
Join the sweet concert, and submissive own
Your being hangs upon his sov'reign will.
Ye clouds, that sail along the vast expanse,
And in your fleecy bosoms bear the dews,
The rain, the snows, to fructify the earth,
Swell the grand chorus, and report his name,
Till highest heav'n and distant earth resound
With the loud honors of the Saviour-God !
Praise him, ye storms, ye thunders, as ye roll;
Ye lightnings, with your forked tongues proclaim
The dignity of him who sends you forth
Accomplishing his will. Praise him, ye winds,
As ye burst forth tumultuous....in his hand
He holds you, when with clangor wide and rude
You sweep o'er waving forests, rend the air
With noisy uproar....on your wings, O bear,
And let your voices sound Immanuel's praise.
Soft breathing zephyrs, whisper it abroad ;
Charm the still ev'ning with the pleasing tale,
When thy cool breezes fan her gentle breast.
Ye placid show'rs, and sweet distilling dews,
Join with the rushing torrent, that descends,
And with impetuous roar lashes the hills,
And foams along the plain, to laud his name !
Praise him, ye lofty Alps and Apenines;*

* Alps and Apenines, are mountains in Italy.

Ye loftier Andes,* who involve your heads,
Your snow-crown'd heads in clouds....ye rocks and hills,
Ye plains, and verdant vallies ; flow'ry meads
And gardens of delight, where Flora's train
Puts on their gayest foliage, richest hues ;
While you emit ten thousand sweets around,
O breathe his praise....Let the forests sing ;
The stately cedar, the tall pine rejoice ;
And humbler shrubs unite to spread the theme
From east to west, from florid southern climes,
To the cold regions of the frozen north.
Praise him, gay summer, crown'd with fruits and flow'rs ;
O ! let thy beauteous train unite to pay
Due homage to the great immortal king ;
And hail Jehovah-Jesus Lord of all.
Winter, with all his sons, frost, hail and snow,
Black nights, and gloomy days, adore the God
Who turns the rivers into stone....Again
He speaks ; and lo, the waters flow !....Sing thou,
Soft breathing spring, weave a fresh coronet
Of primrose, crocus, humble violet....
Inscribe it with Immanuel's sacred name ;
And let it, as thine off'ring, speak his praise :
While autumn, with her yellow sheaves, attends
To swell the gen'ral anthem, and adore.
Praise him, ye eagles, as with lofty flight
Ye soar to meet the sun, and with bold eye
Dare gaze, undazzled, on the king of day.
Praise him, ye warbling larks, in softest airs ;

* The Andes, are lofty mountains in South America.

And all ye tuneful songsters of the groves,
Waft on your wings, and in your songs his praise.
Ye lions, as to him ye roar for prey,
Roar out his praises....Judah's lion reigns,
Let ev'ry creature worship at his throne.
Ye who in midnight hours range o'er the woods,
Majestically fierce, and ye who play
In gamesome frolics o'er the flow'ry lawn;
Ye gentle hinds, ye tender playful lambs,
And all who walk the earth, and all who creep;
Insects who wanton in the sunny ray,
And spread your silken wings, bedrop'd with gold;
And you who in the briny wave display
Your scaly coats of various form and hue;
But chiefly thou, the tyrant of the deep,
Leviathan, who like a mountain roll'st
In the unfathom'd ocean, when thou play'st,
And from thy stormy nostrils spout'st a flood,
Bid it arise to praise the Son of man,
The king of glory, the incarnate God.
Let heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas, unite
To sound Immanuel's name: let echo bear
On her soft wings to nature's utmost verge
The glorious sound, and back return his praise.
Come ye who stand forever near his seat,
Bright sons of morn, cherubic legions, come:
And ye, who nearer to his throne than they,
View the immortal glories of your God,
Strike, strike your golden harps....begin a song
More noble than you ever sung before.
The saints on earth, the ransom'd of the Lord,
Take up the theme; they join the joyful lay,

And in a solemn chorus laud the lamb ;
The lamb who dy'd, the lamb who lives for them :
" Worthy the lamb (they cry) of pow'r and might,
Eternal honors and unbounded praise,
Glory and blessing, majesty divine,
And everlasting worship are his due."
Hail, then Jehovah Jesus ! take the praise !
Thine is the kingdom ; thou art Lord of ALL !
Thy saints shall crown thee, and their songs shall be
Thro' endless years, " Salvation to the lamb !"

THOUGHTS

WRITTEN IN A BOWER.

HAIL! happy spot, sequester'd, lone retreat,
Sacred to meditation and the muse:
Beneath thy cool, embow'ring shade I sit,
And, for awhile, forget the busy world;
To view the op'ning rose, and mark how springs
The violet, and how the lilies bloom:
Hark! how the robin whistles as he flies
From bough to bough; the blackbird's mellow note,
And warbling thrush, on yonder hawthorn perch'd,
Increase the tuneful music of the grove:
And wanton zephyrs breathing gentle gales
O'er rustling leaves, with an harmonious bass,
Completes the concert: these are thy sweet gifts,
O summer, gayest daughter of the year;
Nature throughout her wide domain, shall own
Thy genial influence. See the forest shake
In grateful homage, while the grove-crown'd hills
Wave plaudits; for the grove-crown'd hills rejoice,
And fruitful valleys laugh and sing with thee.
'Tis now high noon; the blazing king of day
Thron'd in mid heav'n surveys the universe,
And darts meridian splendors round the world.
But safely shelter'd in this vernal bow'r,
Embrown'd with thickest shade of lofty trees,

Whose spreading branches taught by art to meet
In kind embraces, form a rural arch,
And bid defiance to the sultry ray ;
I taste the cool refreshing breeze, and feel
The pleasures which a scene like this inspires.
How shall my soul improve a scene like this ;
I look around, and every flow'r and shrub,
Each beauteous object that attracts my view,
Turns preacher to my mind, and drops, tho' mute,
A silent admonition in mine ear,
And leads my thoughts, O garden of delight,
Thou sweet, thou sacred paradise, to thee ;
Where man, the noble image of his God,
With all his native dignity adorn'd,
Bright with unsullied purity and truth,
Crown'd with unrivall'd grandeur, stood declar'd
Lord of the wide creation ; and enjoy'd
The smiles and boundless bounties of a God !
Oh ! could he in the midst of all this good,
Still sigh for more ? thus eminently great,
Indulge ambition ? thus supremely blest,
Could he rebel against his Maker's will,
And disobey his great, his sole command ?
Wilful reject his blessing, court his curse ?
Ingrate, how vile ! well might a God inquire
" Adam where art thou ?" Oh ! how lost, how fall'n,
How sunk in sad disgrace, in bitter woe !
In guilt and misery, in sin and shame !
Then did thy roses fade, thy lilies die ;
And all thy blooming train, O paradise !
Wither and hang their heads ; thy crown was fall'n ;
For man, thy lord and glory, had prophan'd

Thy sacred shades, and his polluted feet
No more must tread thy more than hallow'd ground:
Driv'n out to common earth, he now must till
A soil less fruitful, with laborious pain;
Subject to sore disease, a prey to death
In all its ten-fold horrors: this the doom
Of the first sinner, this the legacy
He only could bequeath to all his race.
But see, my muse, another garden rise
In the lov'd fertile vale of Olivet;
Come, sing Gethsemane; hail! sacred spot,
Hail! hallow'd grove; ye venerable shades,
Dearer than Eden; there a world was lost;
There one transgression plung'd a world in woe;
But here, the God who bade the sun exist;
Who call'd creation from the womb of night;
Who planted paradise, and by his pow'r
Upholds this vast stupendous edifice;
Here, robed in flesh, clad with humanity,
He stood the surety of the chosen race,
The sinner's Saviour, their redeeming friend;
Their bondsman, bound to pay their dreadful debt;
And here, with groans, with anguish infinite;
With sorrow inexpressible, and woe,
Too big for mortal language to express,
Too vast for angel bosoms to conceive,
He struggles with the load of human guilt,
And (midst the chill damp vapors of the night)
Sweats blood: O garden of Gethsemane!
Thou wert a silent witness of this scene;
Astonish'd angels gazing, hover'd round
And saw the mighty conflict, and with shouts

Proclaim'd the mighty victor! for with blood,
Anguish, and death, he conquer'd death and hell;
He paid the sinner's debt, cancell'd the bond,
And gave them free redemption in his blood.
Worthy art thou, O lamb (for sinners slain)
Of angels' songs; thy saints shall join the theme,
And sing thy wonders, and adore, thy love.
Let heav'n and earth adore, let nature bow,
And one loud song of praise to thee arise,
While time endures, and then, in nobler strains,
Thro' the vast ages of eternity.

AN

HYMN OF PRAISE.

.....

"I WILL SING OF MERCY."

.....

Come, oh! my soul, awake! awake and sing;
Come tune thy harp to sweetest, softest lays:
Record the wonders of thy God and king,
And offer up a song of grateful praise.

Praise waits for thee, at humble distance waits;
Conscious how far she falls beneath thy throne:
Fain would she soar beyond the heav'nly gates,
And make thy triumphs to archangels known.

O, for the wings of holy joy and love,
To bear her adorations up to thee!
O, for the whispers of the sacred dove,
To bring thy approbation down to me.

I sing of mercy....'tis a theme divine!
It flows to me thro' streams of precious blood:
Rich are thy blessings; but they brightest shine,
As purchas'd by thy death, my Saviour-God.

Late, thro' a painful path my journey lay;
High blew the whirlwind, while the storm arose;
Black clouds, tempestuous, overhung the day,
And all was anguish, all was gloom and foes.

With trembling steps I travell'd thro' the shade,
And oft, affrighted by the lion's roar,
To thee, my God, my king, I flew for aid,
And found my mighty refuge in thy power.

Thine arm supported, while the tempest blew;
Thy gracious eye pervaded all my grief;
Thou wisely guided, kindly brought me through,
And flew on eagle's wings to my relief.

The thunder's o'er, and all's serenely calm!
Hush'd to sweet peace, the floods no longer beat;
This is the triumph of Immanuel's arm!
I fall astonish'd at his gracious feet.

My Father and my God, to thee I'll sing
Eternal anthems of unbounded praise;
Myself, my all, an humble off'ring bring
To thee, the God of providence and grace.

O, for a thousand hearts to love thy name!
A thousand tongues to sound thy glories high;
To spread abroad thine everlasting fame,
And join the hallelujahs of the sky.

Faithful and true is thy tremendous name,
My glorious master, my almighty Lord!

Eternal ages prove thee still the same ;
Eternal ages shall thy truth record.

On thee, the ocean of unbounded love,
My soul embarks her all, commits to thee
Her cares, her fears, her wants, and longs to prove
An everlasting refuge, Lord, in thee.

On thy kind bosom I would fain recline,
My Saviour-God. O, let thy presence cheer !
Thy Spirit guide, and guard, and seal me thine :
Lead and direct me while I sojourn here.

Then in the realms of bright celestial day,
My soul shall bless thee in sublimer lays ;
Shall see thy glories in their full display,
And sing a sweeter, nobler song of praise.

AN

IRREGULAR ODE.

GREAT king of saints!
Thou mighty monarch of the heavens and earth,
Whose awful fiat gave creation birth;
Whose arm supports, whose eye surveys
An universe, through all the maze
Of ages past, of ages still to be....
The future and the past, are now to thee.
Conception faints
When viewing an omniscient deity.

Ye sons of light,
Angels who bow before the throne,
Tune your soft harps and make him known;
In lofty strains adore your God.
And saints, the purchase of his blood,
Ransom'd sinners, join the theme;
You delight to sing of him;
We on earth, and you in heav'n:
We to whom his grace is giv'n;
Earnest of the glorious prize,
You enjoy above the skies;
Children of one Father, join,
Him to laud, in songs divine:

God of nature, God of grace,
We would give thee humble praise:
Jesus, hail! incarnate God,
Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood.
Prince of peace, we bow to thee,
Father of eternity.
Hail! the love that made us thine!
Love eternal, all divine.
Hail! our fathers' God and ours;
Aid us, O ye heav'nly pow'rs;
Strike your softest, sweetest string,
While redeeming love we sing;
While we bless the holy dove,
God of comfort, peace and love;
Three in one, and one in three,
Hail! mysterious deity.
Thou great unsearchable,
Whom heav'n and earth, whom seas and skies adore,
But finite understandings can't explore;
Who dwell'st in brightness inaccessible!
Thy glories shine in beams so bright,
Dazzling archangels' sight.

My Father and my God!
How empires vanish at a sight of thee:
What's all their pomp, but trifling trash to me?
My wealth is boundless, my stupendous store
Beggars Peru; thought cannot grasp at more.
With thee my portion, I despise the things
Men riches call, and look with scorn on kings.

My Father and my God!
Safe on thine arm I lean when storms arise,
And rolling tempests threat the frowning skies.
When Satan's fiery darts are hurl'd around
With mischievous intent, to kill or wound,
Thou art my mighty shield; I find in thee
A safe retreat, a certain victory.

If slander lifts her forked tongue,
Or envy joins to do me wrong;
Thine eye shall see, thine ear shall hear,
Thy hand shall grasp the glitt'ring spear,
Thy breath shall chase them, as when whirlwinds rise
The moths disperse, the scatter'd stubble flies.
But I shall sing
Salvation to my God and king,
While life endures, and then above
I'll tune a nobler song to praise the God of love.

AN

ELEGY:

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. GIFFORD, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, THE 19TH OF JUNE, 1784; IN THE EIGHTY-FOURTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

When the loud din of war, and clash of arms
Subsides, and all Bellona's fierce alarms
Complete the labours of the long campaign,
And smiling peace resumes her gentle reign;
The hero, crown'd with conquest, pleas'd, throws by
The glitt'ring spear, and the bright panoply
Of warlike arms; he quits the hostile shore,
His toils and dangers past, his battles o'er;
He flies to greet once more his native land,
And from his royal master's gracious hand
Receive the laurels, which he won with pain,
In the long siege, and on the well-fought plain:
In sylvan scenes to lose each anxious care,
Forget his toils, and breathe the purest air
Of sweet serenity. No more the sound
Of thund'ring cannon shakes the trembling ground:
He listens to the lark and linnet's lay,
Enjoys the calm, as much at ease as they;

Bids ev'ry rude tumultuous passion cease,
And triumphs in the gentle arms of peace....

So Rev'rend Gifford lays his armour by,
Quits the low earth, and soars above the sky.
Long in the field the christian soldier stood,
And wrestled; not with foes of flesh and blood,
But pow'rs of darkness, rulers of the air,
Whose fiery darts ten thousand horrors bear.
Oft in black storms the barbed mischief flies,
Obscures the sun, and darkens all the skies.
But Gifford, great in arms, maintain'd the fight,
And, unappal'd march'd on, through shades of night,
Till brighter day arose: secure he stood,
In all the glorious panoply of God;
And the last foe subdu'd, he quits the place,
And more than conqu'ror, thro' Almighty grace,
To brighter, fairer worlds he wings his way,
Where perfect peace, and everlasting day
Sweetly unite; there from Immanuel's hand,
The mighty monarch of that happy land;
Receives the glorious palm of victory,
Receives a glorious welcome to the sky.
He tunes his golden harp, and joins the throng
Of white-robed saints, who with melodious song
Incessant hymn the throne of God, and raise
Eternal anthems to Immanuel's praise.
Thy name they sing, O lamb of God! for thou
Hast wash'd them in thy blood; to thee they bow,
And tell to wond'ring seraphs what thy grace
Hath done for sinners of the human race.
Seraphs shall, pleas'd, attend, then join the lay,

And saints and angels shall thy love display :
The glorious theme shall run from choir to choir,
Tune ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry harp inspire.
Thy name shall echo thro' the courts above,
And all the wonders of redeeming love.

Come gentle Muse, in softest lays record
How liv'd, how dy'd the servant of the Lord ;
Tell how, baptiz'd with heav'nly fire, he ran
To preach a God of love to fallen man :
To publish the good news of gospel grace,
And free salvation, to a sinful race.
Sav'd by this grace himself, he long'd to tell
The boundless glories of Immanuel.
Truth from his lips like softest music flow'd,
And all his theme the righteousness of God:
Sweet consolation sat upon his tongue
For mourning souls, by sin's sad serpent stung.
A son of thunder to awake the dead,
While Sinai's light'nings flashes over head.
Amidst a world of error, faithful he,
Zealous for holy gospel liberty :
Firm as a brazen pillar, Gifford stood,
And liv'd, and wrote, and preach'd the truth of God :
At Jesu's feet he sat, and on his breast,
Like favor'd John, was oft indulg'd to rest :
He found his bliss and source of wisdom here,
And caught his Spirit while he sat so near.
Love ! heav'nly love, like a bright flame arose ;
Immortal love, that no extinction knows,
Enlarg'd his gen'rous heart, and bid it flow
With softest sympathy, for others' woe.

There mild beneficence sat up her throne,
And sweet complacence seal'd him for her own :
The law of kindness from his lips distill'd,
Smil'd in his cheeks, and all his bosom fill'd :
And now he proves, in the bright world above,
His heav'n of heavens' in a Saviour's love.

Vast was his mind ; for contemplation made :
Vast were the pow'rs his active mind display'd.
Thro' nature's most stupendous works it run,
Measu'rd the stars, and circumscrib'd the sun;
From link to link, of the great chain, descends,
And only with creation's ending, ends :
Thro' fields of science sought the deity,
Led by thy hand, O fair philosophy !
But chiefly thine, O science all divine !
To whom all others must the palm resign.
Creation proves a God, but how to know,
To fear, and love, and to enjoy him too....
Creation here is mute ; and all the rest,
Can but by revelation be express'd.
Hail ! then, O Spirit ! who only can display
To sinners' hearts, the new and living way.
Gifford, led on by thee, explor'd the road,
And learn'd to know the hidden things of God.
Hail ! sacred knowledge, science all divine,
Distinct from thee, philosophy can shine
But with a glow-worm lustre; the vast mind
By arts and erudition most refin'd,
So comprehensive, as to grasp the ball;
Untaught by thee, is ignorant of all.
For God is all....and not that God to know,

Is blindness, death, and everlasting woe.
But Gifford knew, and preach'd to sinners round,
The Saviour and salvation he had found.
And now from earth remov'd to yonder skies,
How high his wonder swells, his joys arise;
His large capacious soul amaz'd, can trace
The God of nature, providence, and grace,
In all his wond'rous works; by death set free
From the dark veil of dull mortality.

Soft was the hand, and gentle was the blow,
That summon'd Gifford from this vale below;
Death like an angel came, and beck'ning stood,
His willing soul took wing, and soar'd to God;
In realms of bliss adores his Saviour's name,
And bows, and sings salvation to the lamb.

AN

ELEGY:

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DOWLAND.

COME, heav'nly Muse, and with thy own soft fire
Warm my cold heart; a sacred song inspire,
Solemn as death, sweet as the breath of morn,
When Sol's bright beams the eastern clouds adorn.
Come, sing Eliza; see the saint arise,
Burst fleshly bars, and soar above the skies,
To that bright world where joys immortal grow,
And life's unfathom'd waters ever flow:
There, robed in white, she joins the happy train,
The ransom'd throng for whom the lamb was slain;
She shares the glories of the chosen race,
And basks and triumphs, in the God of grace.

How chang'd the scene! when late in mortal clay
(Ere her Redeemer call'd her soul away)
'Midst ills and enemies she sojourn'd here,
Encompass'd with infirmity and fear;
As all her kindred of the dust, who stand
And wait a summons to the promis'd land;
Then (highly favor'd) did Eliza prove

The kind protection of the God of love.
The silken bands of grace he gently threw
Around her youthful heart, and softly drew
Her young affections to the Saviour's feet,
Ev'n ere the days of childhood were complete.
Oft has her list'ning mind attentive hung
On the sweet music of a Langford's* tongue;
When he the gospel's silver trumpet blew,
She heard, and in increasing knowledge grew.

As when the rising sun his beams display,
Checks the dull shades, and bids the night give way,
Gradual she ushers in the roseate day;
Before his flaming car the vapours fly,
Till gold and purple tinge the glowing sky;
Nor stays his course, till with bright glories crown'd,
He darts his full meridian splendors round.
So the young saint arose from nature's night,
And shone with every christian virtue bright;
In constant progress ran the heav'nly race,
By wisdom guided, and upheld by grace.
Vast was her mind, and large her mental pow'rs,
Improv'd by study, in her leisure hours;
Devoted to her God, her mem'ry stor'd
With the rich treasures of the sacred word;
Deep read in things divine, she shone in youth,

* Alluding to her being brought to a sense and knowledge of divine things, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Langford, when only eight years of age, who is a witness of the progress she made therein, under the blessing of God; also, of her trials and triumphs in general, from that time till her death.

A living concordance of heav'nly truth.
Truth was her song, and all her conduct shew
The more she lov'd, as more of truth she knew;
For she adorn'd each character in life,
The tender mother, and the virtuous wife.
But ah! these solemn ties no more can bind,
Nor shall Eliza longer be confin'd
In walls of clay; commission'd from on high,
Death, like a friendly visitant, drew nigh;
His usual harbingers, sickness and pain,
Had long oppress'd her, but oppress'd in vain
To raise a murm'ring sigh; resign'd to all,
At Jesu's feet, see her submissive fall.
Satan in vain threw fiery darts around,
For Jesus still her strength and shield she found;
In vain her fears arose, for Jesus stands
And shews his pierced side, his bleeding hands:
By faith divine she views her Saviour-God,
And triumphs in a pardon bought with blood:
Lo! death steps in....the solemn stroke is giv'n....
She sighs....she falls asleep....she mounts to heav'n.*

* * * * *

Hail, happy saint! immortal bliss is thine,
To see thy God, and the grand chorus join
Of endless hallelujahs, endless praise
To Jesus, Son of Man, and God of grace.
Short was thy stay on earth, transient thy pain;

* Before her death, she chose the text for her funeral sermon, and the hymns to be sung at her funeral, with pleasure and composure. Mr. Langford, according to her request, preached a discourse on the occasion, from Rev. chap. vii, ver. 14. Sunday evening, April 20, 1783, at the Chapel, in Rose-lane, Ratcliff.

Eternal life and everlasting gain,
Thy glorious portion now; exchange how good!
From earth to heav'n, the paradise of God.
There thou may'st view, and sing the lamb who dy'd;
And by thy dear, thy much lov'd parent's side,
(For thou hast found her) thou may'st sit and tell
The wonders of the great Immanuel.
Enraptur'd shall thy list'ning brother stand,
And hail thee welcome to the promis'd land;
While two bright cherubs swell thy joyful strain,
Thine heart must know thy smiling babes again;
The dear, the darling infant, latest giv'n,
Who wing'd his way, thy harbinger to heav'n;
These shall with thee eternal mercy prove,
And sing the God whose glorious name is love.

How shall the Muse address a weeping pair?
The muse shall weep and in their sorrows share:
Let stoic hearts disdain to feel, but here
Friendship shall drop a sympathetic tear....
A husband and a father! tender names!
Such sacred ties a sober sorrow claims;
Think not the rising sigh, tho' sad, amiss;
Tears are well shed on such a grave as this.
But while ye mourn, O let your thoughts arise
Above the eagle's flight, to yon bright skies;
There your Eliza lives; there Jesus reigns;
And saints are free from sin, from cares and pains:
Death cannot enter there; his pow'rful dart
Can stab no more, no more can wound the heart;
For life, eternal life, completes the joy,
And not one anxious thought shall e'er annoy:

Lift up your eyes then to that happy place,
O, look again, and view the God of grace;
Look, till your hearts, ascending with your eyes,
Learn all sublunar objects to despise;
Reject the toys of time, and seek alone
The pleasures which surround your Father's throne,
Which, like a boundless ocean, shall endure
When death shall cease, and time shall be no more.

AN

ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. CHRISTOPHER SELDON SLOW.

HAIL! happy saint; immortal splendors shine
Around thy head, the gift of love divine;
High thron'd in bliss, above yon azure skies,
In sweet enjoyment of the heav'nly prize,
Thy ransom'd spirit stands, divinely bright,
Crown'd with salvation in the realms of light.

See Seldon in the morning of his days,
Led by parental care in wisdom's ways;
By precept and example taught the road
Which leads from earth to heav'n, from sin to God.
A pious father's fervent pray'rs arise,
Ascends the clouds, and penetrates the skies;
Well pleas'd, Jehovah hears, and grants the boon,
His heart's best wishes for his darling son,
And bids all-potent grace erect her throne
In Seldon's breast, and seal him all her own.
Lo! winds and waves the favor'd youth convey
To Britain's isle in an auspicious day;

When Piltius blew the gospel trump; his voice
Bade sinners tremble, weeping saints rejoice;
To those a son of thunder, but to these
The gentle messenger of heav'nly peace:
He heard the faithful herald loud proclaim
The great salvation of the slaughter'd lamb;
He heard, and grace descended to impart
This great salvation to young Seldon's heart;
Now, like the bounding roe, with eager pace
He turns, he flies, to that delightful place,
Down Savoy's hill, where saints assembled join
In worship pure, devotion all divine;
And walks with God, while thrice the radiant sun
Measures ten summers, ere his work is done.
With ever cheerful heart and smiling face,
Patient he marches on his heav'nly race;
The widow's friend, the orphan's kind support;
Constant in all that bears a good report;
Benevolently good; with all replete
That forms the christian character complete.
When death, with stingless dart call'd him away;
And Gabriel bore him to the realms of day;
In vain your tears, ye faithful mourners, rise,
Your friend is safely lodg'd within the skies:
Clasp'd in Immanuel's arms, he proves the bliss
Of a blood-bought, eternal paradise.
Then cease your grief, ye saints, and onward press
Tow'rds the bright prize, a crown of righteousness.
But hark! from yonder cloud a whisper breaks!
Be hush'd, my soul, for 'tis Christopher speaks:
"Weep not for me, my dangers all are past;
I've run the race, and reach'd the goal at last;

The swelling tides of Jordan threat no more ;
I'm safely landed on the wish'd for shore :
With conquest crown'd, triumphant now I stand,
In full possession of the promis'd land.
Satan and sin, no more my peace molest ;
No more shall sighs of sorrow heave my breast :
I've left the cumb'rous load of flesh behind,
And found my Jesus faithful as he's kind.
Without a cloud, my father's face I see ;
And bless the great God-man who dy'd for me.
Before his throne I fall in raptures down,
And at his feet I lay my glorious crown :
Gladly I tune my harp and voice to sing
The matchless triumphs of my matchless king ;
Adore that sov'reign love, and bless the grace
That gave me robes of perfect righteousness ;
That saw me late in nature's darkness lay,
And gave me eyes to view his gospel day.
He knew my sorrows, pity'd all my woe ;
And said to Satan, ' Loose, and let him go !'
He spake ! 'twas done ! my fetter'd soul set free,
To follow Jesus in true liberty ;
Guided by wisdom, and upheld by grace,
He led me safely thro' the wilderness :
When foil'd by foes, he ran to give me aid ;
And on his bosom would repose my head :
Beneath me spread his everlasting arm,
And heal'd my wounds with Gilead's precious balm ;
When fainting under Sol's meridian beams,
Allay'd my thirst with ever-living streams :
And when I hunger'd, to my soul was giv'n
The real manna, living bread from heav'n ;

Till Jordan's verge appear'd, replete with harms;
But Jesus bore me over in his arms,
And in his temple, on this happy shore,
I live a pillar, to go out no more;
But join cherubic songs to bless his name,
And sing salvation to the slaughter'd lamb.
Then weep no more for me, my friends, but rise
And follow Jesus to those radiant skies;
There we shall meet, from sin and sorrow free,
And death be swallow'd up in victory."

AN

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER, MRS. ELIZABETH BURROWS.

Come, sad Melpomene, and aid my verse,
While I Eliza's gentle name rehearse;
Tell how the saint in prime of life expir'd,
And from a world of sin and woe retir'd,
To dwell with Jesus in the realms of bliss,
Bought with his blood, and seal'd forever his.

Shall I repeat the sorrows of her soul?
No, Jesus' precious blood has made them whole:
Shall I the troubles of her life relate?
They were so varied, num'rous, and so great,
That none but their appointer can declare;
And those who in the like afflictions share.
Shall I my subject make, that heavy rod
Which brought her spirit home to dwell with God?
Shall I unfold the melancholy scene?
I would....but her command steps in between:
She sleeps....she's safely lodg'd in Jesus' breast;
Eternal silence dwell upon the rest;

Or, if it must be nam'd, then let it be
When Sol's bright beams are fled beyond the sea ;
When silver Cynthia glimmers o'er the plain,
And awful silence, midnight horrors reign ;
Or, nature hush'd, attentive audience pays
To wakeful Philomel's impassion'd lays:
The bird would cease, the moon would turn more pale,
To hear me tell the sad, the mournful tale....
O, did the world her tragic story know !
The world would melt in sympathetic woe;
No stubborn heart so hard, that could forbear
The tender tribute of a pitying tear.
'Tis past....the race is run, the storm is o'er,
Eliza's landed on the peaceful shore.
Never shall I forget the solemn day,
When her Redeemer kiss'd her soul away,
To the pure realms of everlasting day.
Victorious death his swift approaches made ;
She met him unappalled, undismay'd ;
Cried, " Come my Lord ! my precious Jesus hear,
And in thy presence let me soon appear."
'Twas done ! a glorious *angel* stood confest,*
And bore Eliza to eternal rest.
Hail ! happy spirit, dear celestial shade,
Wreaths of unfading splendors crown thy head:
My friend ! my sister ! (if those sacred ties
Can bind immortal spirits in the skies)
How bless'd art thou ! from sin and sorrow free,

* A few moments before she expired, she pronounced the word *angel*, with such an emphasis, as left no room for her friends to doubt but what she really saw some glorious appearance.

No more encompass'd with infirmity ;
Thy tribulation-days are now no more,
And thou art landed on the peaceful shore
Where no loud storms, no threat'ning thunders roar.
Thou dwell'st secure in yon bright world above,
Where all is harmony, and joy, and love ;
While I on earth remain a pilgrim still,
Confin'd in clay, but 'tis my Father's will ;
When he commands, my willing soul shall fly
To meet Eliza in th' etherial sky :
There, with one voice, united praise we'll sing
To our Almighty Saviour, and our king ;
And bless his boundless grace, supremely free,
Thro' the long ages of eternity :
Who, when we both deserv'd eternal ire,
Snatch'd us as brands from sin's devouring fire ;
Shew'd our poor hearts his consolating face,
And made us willing subjects of his grace ;
And to thy hand the glorious prize has giv'n,
Tho' latest call'd on earth, the first to heav'n.
Till that bless'd hour, that wish'd-for time arrive,
Thy mem'ry in my heart shall still survive.
Swift let the moment come which shall unite
Thy own Maria to her friend in light ;
Where, in extatic bliss, our souls shall prove,
The heights and depths of everlasting love !

AN

ELEGY:

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WOUDE, PASTOR OF THE CALVINIST CHURCH IN THE SAVOY.

Go, happy Woude, clap thy bright wings, and soar
To the bright realms of everlasting day;
The happy seat of rest, the peaceful shore,
Where saints and angels tune the choral lay.

Go, take thy harp, and join the rapturous song,
That echoes thro' the bless'd etherial plains;
Swell the glad anthems of the ransom'd throng,
In the fair world where love immortal reigns.

The gospel's silver trump long hast thou blown,
And pointed sinners to the living way;
With warning voice, their guilt and danger shewn,
And preach'd the blood that takes their guilt away.

Long hast thou fought the battles of the Lord;
Now, all victorious, lo! thou bear'st the palm;
Supported by the Spirit and the word;
And leaning on the mighty Saviour's arm.

Steadfast thou stood'st, tho' storms tumultuous rose;
But storms tumultuous can no more molest:
More than triumphant over hosts of foes;
Now all is calm composure in thy breast.

Hail, happy Woude! thro' many rolling years,
The saint, by love inspir'd, wak'd with his God:
Now joyful in his presence, he appears
Welcome to all the glories of his Lord.

Here he beholds the lamb for sinners slain,
And crown'd with blessedness extreme, shall live
Long as the great incarnate God shall reign;
And prove the choicest blessings God can give.

Then cease to weep, ye follow'rs of the lamb,
Who mourn your pastor, lately call'd to heav'n:
If ye revere, and love his honor'd name,
Rejoice that to his hand the prize is giv'n.

In vain the boasting tyrant of the grave,
Erects a trophy o'er his sleeping clay;
Jesus the God, omnipotent to save,
Shall call it forth at the great rising day.

Then shall the monster death a victor own,
And life, immortal life forever reign:
Triumphant saints shall their Redeemer crown
And joy and wonder fill th' heav'nly train.

Then check your sorrows, and with steady eye
Behold the track your faithful pastor trod:

Pursue the heav'nly road that leads on high ;
And strong in faith and patience, walk with Go

Then, when the king of terrors comes in view,
He shall put on a smooth and smiling face ;
He bears no terrors when he comes to you,
But comes the messenger of sov'reign grace

To call you from a world of sin and woe,
To the bright realms of everlasting day ;
Where trees of life, and endless pleasures grow,
Without deception, and without decay.

AN

HYMN.

Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And see my Immanuel's face;
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He form'd you the spirits you are;
So noble, so happy, so good:
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, you stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet;
His grace and his glory display;
O tell of his love as is meet;
He sav'd you from hell and the grave;
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save;
Almighty to bring you safe there.

O, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song!
I'm weary of lingering here;
And I to your Saviour belong;

I'm fetter'd, and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the lamb ;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name :
I want....O, I want to be there,
(Where sorrow and sin bid adieu)
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

AN

HYMN.

Thou soft flowing Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapours that fell on his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their master with solemn delight.

O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot!
Thy name and thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow! the triumph of love!

'Twas here he engag'd with the lion of hell,
Beneath his strong arm all our enemies fell:
'Twas here he encounter'd with infinite wrath,
And conquer'd by love that was stronger than death.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory and praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the grand chorus that gladdens the skies.

AN

EPISTLE

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND:

THE ENQUIRY ADDRESSED TO MIRANDA'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Gentle spirit, tell me where
My Miranda loves to stray?
Is she not thy watchful care
Thro' the night, and all the day?
Does she wander through the grove,
List'ning to the linnet's lay,
Musing on diviner love
Than creation can display?

Is she roving o'er the field,
Bless'd with friendship's pleasing voice,
Friendship that can pleasure yield,
Crowning all her other joys?
Is the raging main in view,
While he throws his billows high?
This, all this is known to you,
Wing'd descendant from the sky.

Gentle spirit, fly, O fly,
And to my Miranda bear
On thy downy wings, a sigh;
Softly whisper in her ear;
Say, Maria longs to meet,
Longs to see her friend again:
Joys of meeting must be sweet,
If to part be such a pain.

Fly, ye moments, haste the time,
When to yon bright world above,
We with joyful feet shall climb,
Clad with glory, fill'd with love;
Then united, side by side,
Never, never more to part,
Endless years shall not divide
My Miranda from my heart.

Thro' the golden streets we'll stray,
View our Father's smiling face,
In the realms of heav'nly day,
Sing the wonders of his grace;
Sin and sorrow left behind,
Peace and joy shall sweetly flow
In our happy, happy minds,
Come, Miranda, let us go....

TO

MIRANDA:

AN INVITATION TO LONDON, IN SEPTEMBER.

COME, my Miranda, come away,
The summer's o'er, no longer stay;
The mists arise, the rains descend;
Come, to the wishes of thy friend.
The radiant sun in feeble rays,
A short-liv'd splendor now displays:
From the bleak north, the winds arise,
And bluster through the gloomy skies:
The fallen leaves bestrew the ground;
No more the sweet, the cheerful sound
Of woodlark's soothing song I hear,
No more the flow'ry train appear,
But winter spreads his dreary sway;
Come, my Miranda, come away.

'Tis friendship calls, she waits for thee;
And longs her absent friend to see:
For thee the Muse has strung her lyre,
And glows with soft poetic fire,
(A sacred flame, that still shall rise,
For lo, 'twas kindled in the skies)
To meet Miranda with a song,
For joy to friendship must belong.

Tho' sad the dull declining year,
Does in her wint'ry dress appear,
May you enjoy a mental spring,
And hear the heav'nly turtle sing:
Bright may the sun of righteousness,
Shine in his glorious beams of grace,
Dispelling every cloud away,
And fill your soul with gospel-day;
While from on high, celestial dews,
And gentle show'rs their aid diffuse,
To make the fir and myrtle bloom,
And all the vintage breathe perfume,
That my Miranda may appear
In robes of summer all the year.
May rosy health with cheerful eye,
Sent from the monarch of the sky,
Attend to crown your future days,
And all your happy life be praise:
Praise to the God of boundless love,
Who keeps for you a seat above;
Whose gracious providential eye
Shall still your ev'ry want supply.
Till Jordan's swelling streams are past,
And safely you arrive at last
In the bright world of heav'nly day,
Where, sin and sorrow flown away,
I shall my dear Miranda meet;
Then, at our kind Redeemer's feet,
We'll cast our crowns, and love, and sing
Salvation to our God and king;
And in his temple, on that shore,
Be pillars, to go out no more.

AN

EVENING THOUGHT:

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

STILL is the hour, the lamp of day
In other skies his beams display;
The silver moon with sober light
And gentle influence crowns the night:
Hush'd be the passions of my soul,
There let no jarring tempests roll,
No gloomy clouds portentous low'r,
But all be placid, as this hour;
Calm as the wave where halcyons play,
When Sol unfolds his brightest ray.
Well may sweet peace delight to dwell
With souls redeem'd from death and hell.
Tho' winds may rise, and tempests blow,
And hell engage to work them woe;
Jesus Jehovah reigns on high,
He views them with a father's eye;
His hand supports and guides them thro',
In spite of all that hell can do.
He smiles, and all their sorrows cease;
He speaks the tempest into peace;

Peace, like a river, flows within,
From a sweet sense of pardon'd sin:
Releas'd from guilt, releas'd from fear,
They find their great deliverer near;
They bless his name, they sing his love,
And long to see his face above.
To you, my friend, I need not say,
This is the Saviour's gracious way,
By sweet experience taught, you know
His dealings with his saints below:
Thrice happy thou, indulg'd to sit
With Mary at the master's feet;
Nor think my Muse presumes to bring
To thee instruction on her wing;
She would but gratulate thy bliss,
And lisp his praises whose she is:
But ah! she faints, unequal quite
To such a task: the sons of light,
Who bow before Jehovah's face,
Can best proclaim his matchless grace;
Yet I would fain attempt to sing
In humble lays, the heav'nly king,
And tune my tongue, and strike my lyre,
In echo to th' angelic choir.
Ye ling'ring hours, O speed away;
Time, mend thy pace, and bring the day,
When freed from flesh, and freed from sin,
I shall the heav'nly song begin;
And tell the shining hosts above,
The wonders of redeeming love;
With them adore Immanuel's name,
And sing salvation to the lamb.

Methinks, my friend, I hear thee say,
" With patience wait the coming day;
'Tis near, 'tis hast'ning on apace,
As fast as time can run his race:
Soon shall the shadows flee away,
And yield to bright eternal day:
The sun, and moon, and stars shall fall,
And one wide ruin swallow all
The works of nature; then the bless'd,
Shall enter into sacred rest:
Then shall we tune our harps, and sing
The triumphs of the heav'nly king;
Prove the rich depths of boundless grace;
Adore his love, and see his face:
Till then, let faith and patience wait,
Constant attendants at his gate;
Submissive, bow beneath his rod,
While flesh confines us from our God."

A

MEDITATION

ON REDEMPTION.

Wisdom divine, O aid me while I sing
The boundless wonders of redeeming love!
A theme so grand, what mortal thought can trace,
Or, unassisted, sound the mighty deep,
Where length, and depth, and breadth, are swallow'd up
In ocean fathomless? Thou, mighty love,
Surpassing knowledge; angels know thee not
In full dimension, tho' celestial beings:
How then shall I, a child of dust, a worm,
A creature of a day, explore thy wonders!
Wisdom divine, O aid my vent'rous song;
To thee I call, nor other Muse invoke;
Thou only art sufficient to instruct,
To purge the darksome films that cloud the sight,
And chace my native ignorance away.
Come heav'nly light, thou sun of righteousness,
With thy delightful love-inspiring beams,
Arise and shine in beauties all thine own,
Upon my ravish'd heart, that at thy feet,
In humble, awful wonder and delight,

My soul may lowly bow, and worship there,
The mystic self-existent deity.
Shine on my mind, good Spirit from on high,
And let the meditations of my heart
Be influenc'd by thee: guide thou my pen,
While I record Immanuel's precious name,
And sing of all his dying love to man.

Thou mighty Saviour! where shall I begin
To trace thy wonders! Can eternity
Spread a deep veil upon thy boundless love?
No! through eternity I look, and view
My name engrav'd upon Immanuel's breast.
I see thee thron'd in majesty sublime,
The self-existent JAH! and lo, thine heart
Glows with an ardent flame of love to me.
When thy great fiat bade a world arise!
With wond'rous beauty crown'd; and from the dust
A noble creature form'd, and call'd him man,
And on his soul stamp'd immortailty!
How burst thy glories forth, and all the God
Shone in creation's mighty work: but lo!
A greater work I sing, and wond'ring see
Redemption rise: thou monarch of the skies!
Thy greatest, noblest work. When sin had marr'd
Thy fair creation, spoil'd thy creature man,
I see thee from thy lofty throne descend,
(Where burning seraphs hymn thy glorious name)
And manifest in flesh, on earth appear:
Angelic voices sung the Saviour's birth,
And hail'd Messiah, consecrated king!
Thou in my place, my room, and stead, appear'd

To bear my sin's accumulated load
Of guilt and shame, of agony and death,
In thy own body, on the cursed tree.
See, O my soul! thy bleeding Saviour see
In sad Gethsemane; bending beneath
The weight of sin and sorrow not his own:
See from the garden to the judgment-hall
Of throned Herod, where his back endures
The stripes, the chastisement, the heavy scourge
Due to thy great rebellion! see him stand
The meek and lowly lamb; nor only so,
But heaven's Almighty, everlasting king,
Bound to a pillar, smarting under strokes
By creatures' hands inflicted! trace him thence,
In sad progression on to Golgotha!
There view him hanging on th' uplifted cross,
Th' imperial ensign of the christian world!
Behold his veins out-pour a crimson flood!
Behold him sigh in anguish infinite!
Behold the flood-gates of Almighty wrath
Set open wide, and all their treasur'd stores,
Pour'd like a deluge on the Saviour's head,
In such a sea, so long, so broad, so deep,
That finite knowledge ne'er can fathom it;
But, O thou bleeding Lord! thou slaughter'd lamb!
Thro' thy rich grace, I know 'twas all for me!
The sun Asham'd to see his Maker die,
Hung his bright head in black: untimely night
Apall'd the sons of men with strange dismay.
There hung my Saviour, and my sacrifice,
A whole burnt offering offered up to God,
A righteous Saviour, such an offering,

That in the nostrils of the great I AM,
Smells infinitely sweet. Behold in him,
Jehovah is well pleas'd: no anger now
Dwells in his bosom, 'gainst the happy souls
Redeem'd by blood. Thus sav'd by boundless grace,
Lift up your eyes, ye follow'rs of the lamb:
And thou, my soul, behold thy risen Lord,
Thy righteous advocate, thy great salvation.
When sunk in fears, and doubts, and griefs, O think
He lives to plead thy cause before the throne.
Remember God hath sworn, that on the earth
No more destroying waters shall prevail;
So hath he sworn, that on the sons of grace,
No storms of wrath shall fall: at his right hand,
The rainbow of the better covenant,
Jesus, the surety stands; he spreads his hands,
His pierced hands! he points to Calvary,
And says, "Remember Father how I died,
And shed my blood for sinners." Pleas'd he hears
And listens to the well-beloved's voice;
For righteousness and peace are sweetly join'd,
And truth and mercy reconcil'd in him.
O may we so remember him, and view
When rising storms affright us, that dear pledge,
That faithful witness; so by faith behold;
That through the storms of life, the vale of death,
We may hold fast our confidence of hope,
And as we journey through this wilderness,
Find him our guide and pilot all the way.
Till Jordan pass'd, to that good land we come,
Which flows with milk and honey, food divine.
The pilgrim's rest is there, his final rest:

There blooms the tree of life, life without death,
Joy without sorrow, pleasure without pain,
Saints without sin, and Christ without a cross:
There the redeem'd, the ransom'd of the Lord,
Shall freely bask in pleasures all divine:
There they shall prove the heights and depths of grace,
What Jesus purchas'd, and what God can give,
Thro' countless days, thro' years of young delight,
Unnumber'd ages, vast eternity !....

But stop, my soul, let my attentive mind
Return and dwell upon that wond'rous word,
All-gracious and divine, which from the lips
Of thine expiring Lord, broke sweetly forth:
There's music in it, melody more soft
Than dwells on angels' tongues, when fir'd with love
They tune their songs, to praise the great I AM:
O, 'tis a word can cheer the drooping heart,
Dispel the gloom of black despair, and lay
The loudest storm to calmest, sweetest peace,
And turn the darkest night to brightest day.

" 'Tis finish'd !" saith thy dying Lord, O hark !
And let sweet echo catch the gentle sound,
And waft, ' 'tis finish'd !' back upon thine ear.
Here then, believer, on this tree of life
Grows all thine happiness, celestial fruit:
By Jesus' death, the righteous law no more
Denounces curses on thy ransom'd head;
He died a curse, to take thy curse away,
Cancel thy sins, blot out thy trespasses,
And by the merit of his sacred blood,

Atonement ample, satisfaction full,
Yea, more than adequate for all thy crimes,
To justice infinite bring in and pay.
Thy debt is finish'd then ; God at his hands
Hath payment full receiv'd, and asks no more,
But gives thee full acquittance, free discharge.
Rejoice, ye heav'ns, and let the earth be glad,
While sacred truth declares the joyful sound
Of justice satisfy'd, of wrath appeas'd,
And sin forgiven through a Saviour's blood.
Nor only so, but righteousness divine,
Eternally complete, is now brought in ;
Thy surety's spotless nature, holy life,
Gave such obedience to the righteous law,
As magnify'd and rais'd its honors high,
Beyond addition bright : this glorious robe,
He to thy soul imputes ; and lo, well pleas'd,
The Father views thee in his best lov'd Son,
And sees thee all complete : he gracious smiles,
And in his hand holds out a starry crown
To grace thy temples ; that celestial bliss,
The righteousness of God, demands for thee,
Who in this fine white linen art array'd.

What bold accuser now dares bring a charge
Of condemnation ? who shall dare condemn
Whom God acquits ? 'tis God that justifies,
'Tis the anointed Saviour, who redeem'd
And bought his people with so dear a price ;
'Tis he absolves their guilt, and smiles again
In mild complaisance, reconcilement sweet.
No more can Satan urge his cancell'd claim ;

His claim from sin arose ; that put away,
The awful debt discharg'd, the jailor's pow'r
Ceases of course ; the rescu'd prisoner,
The ransom'd debtor may of right demand
Deliverance from his pow'r, from chains and woe ;
Sav'd from the horrors of his prison-house,
By grace unfathom'd, mercy all divine,
And here, believer, may thy soul rejoice ;
Jesus hath bruis'd the serpent's head ; hath crush'd
And spoil'd him of his pow'r ; hath snatch'd the prey,
The lawful captive from his dreadful jaws,
To crown with full salvation, boundless stores
Of grace on earth, and glory in the skies :
For by thy surety's death the gates of heav'n
Are wide expanded to receive thy soul.
No more cherubic fires wave awful round,
To guard the blissful paradise of God,
And thine approach forbid ; for lo ! a new,
A living, wond'rous way is open wide,
Through a Redeemer's side, to all the bliss
Which crowns our better Eden, where the tree
Of life immortal grows, whose sacred fruit
We may pluck off unchid, and eat, and live
A life divine, among the sons of God ;
Bless'd with our Father's presence, joy sublime,
And sweet communion with the God of love ;
Nor fear a second fall. Thou matchless friend !
Thou great immortal lover of my soul !
Say, with what songs shall I approach thy throne,
Or how adore thee in triumphant praise ?
O thou, who died in agony extreme !
O thou, who rose victorious over hell !

My Saviour and my God, teach me to sing
Thy boundless glories in immortal strains.
Let heav'n and earth a joyful anthem raise,
Let seraphs hymn thee, and thy saints adore,
In songs of grateful praise; let echo catch
And waft the joyful sound from pole to pole:
Bear it, ye winds, in your loud roar, to heav'n;
And gentle zephyrs, on your silken wings.
Let universal nature shout aloud
In one grand chorus to exalt thy name;
And spread redemption's mighty wonders far,
From east to west, from north to south, till time
Expires; then everlasting years
Shall swell the triumphs of redeeming love.

A

WALK AT ENFIELD.

The clock's struck three, and lo! Philander comes
True (as the needle to the northern pole)
To his appointed hour, by friendship led,
To guide Miranda and her friend, in paths
Of smiling verdure, where before their feet
Had never trod: he for a while lays by
Sublimer studies, to enjoy the sweets
Gay summer hangs on every bush and spray;
To view great nature in her rich attire,
And, in converse agreeable, beguile
A cheerful hour, stol'n from the sciences.

Calm is the day, unruffled by a storm;
Th' etherial heavens wear their azure robe;
Phœbus at times puts forth his golden beams
And smiles in orient glories on the earth;
Then, lest the weary traveller should faint
Beneath his sult'ry ray, kindly withdraws,
And leaves a cool refreshing shade around.
Hark! how the little warblers of the grove
Attune their softest songs to charm the ear
And soothe the heart with sweetest melody:
As thro' green alleys, o'er the flow'ry lawn

We rove, delighted with the beauteous scene,
Or up the gently rising hill ascend,
Or climb the steeper heights with labouring steps;
Sweet labour, where fatigue is overpaid
By such a prospect, such delights as these;
Peace, heavenly peace, triumphant in the soul,
And the dear voice of friendship in the ear;
The laughing vallies, and the grove-crown'd hills,
And universal nature smiling round,
All gay, all happy....how the distant town
Sinks from our view; low in a vale it lies,
Half hid in woods: hail, lovely shades! the seat
Of contemplation and retirement sweet;
But for a while, farewell, we bid adieu,
Till the fair star of evening calls us home
To the lov'd spot where God and Paulus dwell,
And science and religion call their own.
The wide spread heath, the waving forest crowns
The distant prospect; hills o'er hills ascend
Sublimely grand, and kiss the bending skies,
While the clear river draws its humid train
In soft meanders thro' the verdant meads;
Diffusing health and fruitfulness around.
Here might we dwell, and with astonish'd eyes
Behold creation in her fairest dress:
Here might we dwell, and with admiring hearts
Adore the God whose boundless glories shine
Above, beneath, around: but objects new
Invite us....then adieu ye grove-crown'd hills,
The wide spread heath, the river's humid train,
And humble Enfield, dwelling in the vale....
Lo! as we turn, fresh wonders rise in view,

Enamell'd meadows spangled o'er with gold,
Or green with corn just rising in the ear;
While gentle zephyr, on his silken wings,
Bears the rich fragrance of the new-mown hay.
And see, in yonder field a rural train
With sprightly vigor, active diligence,
Pursue their wholesome toil: they toss and turn
The tender grass, that ripens as it lies
In the bright splendors of the lamp of day;
Placid and cheerful as a summer's eve:
And lest their spirits fail before the hour
Of eve proclaim their pleasant labors o'er,
They chat, they smile, and with united voice
They speed the lagging moments with a song.

But say, Philander, who is that appears
Lord of the pastures; on a goodly steed
He sits, but with a melancholy air
Surveys unmov'd the beauties of the scene,
And clad in sable colour'd weeds of woe?
'Tis Clio, late the happy, late the bless'd,
If aught below the skies can bear the name
Of bliss or happiness; but ah! 'twas frail!
A fleeting joy! death, with an envious frown,
High rear'd a fatal dart, and lodg'd it deep
In his Lucinda's bosom; in her tomb
Lies Clio's bliss: in vain the charming spring
And rose-crown'd summer smile, in vain for him
Ten thousand sweets arise; his sadden'd heart
Cheerless remains: so Jacob mourn'd his son,
And the sweet Psalmist his lov'd Jonathan.

See, down the hill's slope side, a traveller pass ;
A weak old man, infirm with age and care ;
Tott'ring and slow, his aspect spare and mean
Awakes the tend'rest pow'rs of sympathy.
Ah, feeble age ! and must thou groan beneath
Th' oppressive wallet, and penurious want ?
But soft....methinks, upon a nearer view,
'Tis Graspall's little soul inspires that frame
So lank and meagre ; let compassion wipe
Her tearful eye, and indignation rise,
Gen'rous displeasure, 'gainst the meanest sin,
The meanest passion ; sordid love of gold.
Graspall counts o'er his bags, but not enjoys
The treasures they contain ; forbid to use
Life's cordial sweets, by avarice forbid ;
He counts his thousands, and he yet is poor.

See how the sprightly boy with nimble feet
Trips lightly on, still singing as he goes ;
His heart is blithe, content sits smiling there,
While ruddy health with bright vivacity
Glows in his cheek, and sparkles in his eye.
Now to the summit of the hill arriv'd,
How fair a prospect opens to our view !
The flow'ry vale beneath, the gurgling brook
Whose gentle murmurs soothe the list'ning ear :
On either hand the chequer'd meads that rise
Or fall, in hill or dell, as best dispos'd
By the great Maker's hand, in that bless'd day
When angels sung creation's mighty work
To harps of gold....See thro' the distant woods
A glassy lake appear ; how smooth, how calm,

Unruffled by a breeze: the vale invites,
Let us descend and taste its humble charms.
Soft be our steps, and watchful be our eyes,
Lest with a thoughtless mind and heedless feet
We crush the busy tribes that swarm around,
And bury millions in a foot of sand.
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," saith the wise,
"And in her school learn prudence:" how they toil;
Pleas'd with the prospect of a sunny day,
They quit their cities, and to labor throng
In num'rous armies, wise to gather food,
The bounties which the God of providence
From his all-gracious hand scatters around,
Amply to fill their winter's magazines;
That when the low'ring skies and driving storms
Confine them to their little earthly cells,
The free community may feel no want,
But live in plenty, tho' without the sun.

Here let us sit, beneath this aged oak,
Whose wide spread branches shade the gentle stream:
Whose waters, softly flowing, scarce forbid
The trav'ller's foot to reach the distant side.
Hark! how the nightingale and robin pour
Their softest notes, their sweetest music forth
To entertain us, from the neighb'ring grove.
The cuckoo too his constant theme repeats;
Ah, welcome stranger! my enraptur'd ear
Shall listen to thy voice with more delight
Than all the feather'd choristers beside.
But while the airy serenade proceeds,

Come, gentle friends, and let us join the lay ;
Let hill and valley sing, and all the race
Of creatures join in one harmonious song,
To hail the glorious God, whose fiat call'd
Creation forth from the chaotic womb
Of night and darkness to illustrious birth ;
And bade it shine a noble universe,
Worthy the mighty builder. Raise we still
A higher note, a more triumphant strain ;
Jesus, the mighty builder of the skies,
Who calls the earth the footstool of his throne,
Bow'd his majestic head on Calvary,
And cry'd, " 'Tis finish'd :" then redemption rose,
Redemption all triumphant, all divine.
Let his redeem'd exult, with boundless joy,
Sing the Creator, the Redeemer God.
High let their songs arise and pierce the clouds,
And join the hallelujahs of the skies,
Where our Immanuel reigns enthron'd in light,
The God of glory and the God of grace.

Farewell, sweet fields, thou gurgling brook, adieu !
And all ye airy warblers of the grove :
The setting sun adorns the western clouds
With gay magnificence, and the cool eve
With her fair rising star calls us away
To other scenes, still pleasing, still serene ;
For beauteous is the spot where Paulus dwells,
And humble Enfield, dwelling in the vale,
Partakes the bounties of her Maker's hand
In rich profusion. See her spires arise,

Half hid in verdant groves ; how bright they glow
In Sol's departing rays : yon ancient pile,
Whose venerable tow'rs from age to age,
Sacred to heav'n, have brav'd the shocks of time ;
There heroes sleep ; no more the clang of war
Disturbs their slumbers ; may their dust repose
In peaceful silence, till the trump of God
Awake the world and bid it sleep no more !

Behold yon pensive trav'ller silent stand,
Leaning like Jacob, on his oaken staff ;
He bends beneath the weight of num'rous years,
And muses o'er a thousand by-past scenes,
Which faithful memory revives to view,
And ev'ry thought is follow'd by a sigh.
So, when our fainting spirits tire and lag,
As on we journey up the heavenly road,
May the firm promise of a faithful God
Support our steps ; there may we safely lean
By steadfast faith, and rest our weary souls,
Look backward on the wonders of his hand,
Look forward to the crown beyond the veil,
And ev'ry rising thought be wing'd with joy,
O'erflowing gratitude, and humble love ;
Till from the skies his winged messengers
Descend, to bear us to our Father God ;
To walk the golden streets, to gather fruit
From life's immortal tree, and prove the bliss
That blossoms in the paradise of God ;
A brighter paradise than Adam lost....
An Eden, purchas'd by a Saviour's blood.

There shall we sing his boundless name, and fall
Before his throne in ecstacies divine;
No more to sin and sigh....to part no more,
But in immortal triumphs to exult
With the bright sons of morn, as bright as they;
While everlasting ages roll along.

AN

ODE:

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

LET universal nature bring
An humble tribute to her king,
Jesus the God, who bade the earth
Exist, and gave creation birth.
High on his glorious throne he reigns;
And all the bright etherial plains
Resound the triumphs of his name:
Lo! glad archangels shout his fame:
With harps of gold, the ransom'd throng
Exulting, swell the choral song;
Still higher let your notes arise,
Ye winged armies of the skies,
Adore him through eternal days,
With growing ardor, boundless praise.

Praise him, bright Sol, refulgent king of day,
When thy first rising beam dispels the night;
When from thy flaming car, the noontide ray
Pours on the universe a flood of light.

The moon and stars shall catch the glorious theme:
Hear it, ye planets, as ye roll along

In boundless space ; delighted, hear of him,
And join to praise him in a noble song.

Ye little warblers of the grove,
Ye his care and kindness prove ;
As ye fly from spray to spray,
Join the universal lay.
Ye who rove the forest thro',
His kind hand provides for you ;
'Tis by his Almighty power,
Lambkins bleat, and lions roar :
Earth, and seas, and air, unite,
Gloomy darkness, orient light,
Rosy summer, cheerful spring,
Sheave-crown'd autumn too shall sing ;
Winter with his stormy face,
Shall adore the God of grace ;
Every season, every thing,
Bless the great immortal king :
Low at the feet of Jesus they shall fall,
And own him God, and sovereign Lord of all.

Saints redeemed by his blood,
Sing your great redeeming God.
Come, Philander, join the lay,
Help his glories to display :
Let us raise our voices higher
Than the great angelic choir ;
They adore their Maker-God.
But we bless him for his blood :
He is theirs, and he is ours ;
Praise him with thy noblest powers.

A

SOLILOQUY.

In yonder heav'nly courts, those realms of light,
Where love, and joy, and peace forever reign,
The sons of morn, the great seraphic choirs,
Tune their soft harps and raise their loftiest notes,
To hymn the great I AM....Melodious anthems
Sound thro' the arches of th' etherial sky,
And all the theme is, holy, holy, holy
Lord God Omnipotent!....Before his throne
The white rob'd saints, the ransom'd of the Lord,
The trophies of his grace, enraptur'd bow,
And lowly reverent, before his footstool,
Adoring cast their amaranthine crowns,
And join th' angelic song, "To him (they cry)
Who lov'd us, bought us, wash'd us in his blood,
And made us kings, and holy priests to God;
To him be glory, honor, power and praise,
Eternally ascrib'd."....And doth his praise
Employ alone the throng beatific?
Is earth indeed so far remov'd from heav'n,
That from her altars no bright flames can rise,
Of sacred love, and voices gratulant?
O no! he has a company below,
Of royal priests, who offer daily songs

Of praise before his throne ; a thankful song
From ev'ry corner of the peopled earth
Rises, sonorous in Jehovah's ear ;
For they ascribe salvation to his name,
And sing the glories of the bleeding lamb.
Nor does Jehovah's praise aspire alone,
From creatures born to immortality ;
The lesser works of his Almighty hand,
With silent worship pay their homage due,
In swift obedience to his potent word.
Majestic Sol, bright emperor of day,
Shines forth his glory in his splendid beams.
The radiant moon, walking in brightness, waits
To rise and set at his supreme command ;
At his great word, nor sun, nor moon arose
For three diurnal stages, on the land
Of clouded Egypt, but resign'd their sway
To night impenetrable ; emblem sad
Of that black veil, that more than midnight gloom
Which overspread their minds, estrang'd from God.
By his authority, these shining orbs
Forsook their course, and to the voice of man
Listen'd attentive, when the mighty chief,
Divinely mission'd, led old Jacob's sons
To honorable war ; the sun stood still,
And silver Cynthia, in the flow'ry vale
Of pleasant Ajalon....So the bright train,
Which spangle o'er yon azure firmament,
In swift obedience to Jehovah's will,
Pour'd all their baleful influence on the head
Of death-devoted Sisera, the foe
Of God, and of his people....Heav'n, and earth,

Fire, hail, and snow, and all created things,
Pay ready homage to the sov'reign word
Of their Almighty king, and in full choir,
Tho' wanting voice, echo the grateful sound
Of universal hallelujah.....
List, O my soul! the empirian heav'ns,
With songs of triumph, voices jubilant,
Sound thro' unbounded space....Angelic choirs,
And thy redeemed brethren join the theme,
And wilt thou silent stand?....O catch the flame,
The holy flame of love and gratitude,
To the Almighty monarch of the skies,
Thy Father and thy friend!....What names are these!
How big with blessings....Shall a worm of earth
Thus honor'd, dare refuse to join the song
Of "Worthy is the lamb!" Awake, my soul,
And all my powers awake, to celebrate
The God of glory, and the God of grace,
Who form'd the heav'ns....and bled on Calvary;
Who burst the iron barriers of the grave,
And spoil'd the monster death, and broke his dart,
And captive led captivity along,
Chain'd to his chariot wheels. O love divine!
Still will I sing of thee; in rising morn
When Phœbus mounts his burning car, and gilds
The eastern clouds with rays of orient light;
When in meridian glory thron'd, he shines,
And darts prolific glories round the world;
When sober evening's mild refreshing air
Revives creation, and bright Hesper leads
The starry train, that ushers in the night;
Then shall my song arise....O for a song

Divine, like that which flows from Gabriel's lips ;
But ah ! I faint ! unequal to the theme.
Fly swift ye moments, time increase thy speed,
To bring the period when my soul shall shake
Her fetters off, shall throw her chains aside,
And freed from flesh, shall mount and soar aloft
On angels' wings, to her Redeemer's throne ;
Then shall his mighty love be all her theme,
And everlasting praise her sweet employ.

HENRY;

OR,

THE WANDERER RECLAIMED.

ARGUMENT.

Description of a moon-light night....a youth sleeping under an oak, with his guardian angel near him.... description of the angel, who led to meditate by the solemnity of the scene, sings an hymn of praise to God the Creator....Syren and her attendants approach ....description and character of Syren....Syren sings ....Henry awakes....a conversation between them.... Henry follows Syren....reflections thereon....the angel concerned at the loss of Henry....unable to prevent it ....pities his folly....flies in search of religion, whom she supposes capable of reclaiming him by her persuasions....conversation between the angel and religion ....religion goes in search of Henry....description of morning, Henry retired from a scene of dissipation.... religion meets him....description of religion....conversation between them....religion unable to convince Henry of the folly and danger of his attachment to Syren, leaves him....Immanuel from his throne beholds these transactions, approves the zeal of his servants, though unsuccessful; calls divine grace from his right hand....commissions her....girds her with

omnipotent power, she undertakes the work, and descends to execute it....description of the way in which divine grace conquers Syren, reclaims Henry, and induces him to become the subject of real religion, and true happiness....Syren enraged at the loss of Henry....seeks him again with a view to ensnare him, if possible, with her delusive smiles....evening....Henry walking in the fields to meditate, Syren meets him.... accosts him with the voice of flattery, he rejects her with indignation. She reproaches him with ingratitude, reminds him of the great things she bestowed on him while under her dominion....Henry acknowledges he had long been her slave, adores the Almighty power which has snapped the chains asunder in which she held him, solemnly renouncing all attachment to her, and professes himself a subject of the King of kings....Syren now throws off the mask of hypocrisy under which she had before concealed her rage, and denounces the most terrible vengeance....Henry despises her threatnings, professes his steadfast dependance on the all-powerful protection of heaven engaged in his behalf, and submission to the divine will, as to all future events....they part, Syren meditating revenge, and Henry devoted to, and rejoicing in God.

'Twas in that hour, when day's imperial king,
Beneath our hemisphere far sunk; retir'd
To rest, perhaps in Thetis' oozy bed,
Or crown some distant clime with rising beams;
Night, sable vested, threw her curtain round,

Emboss'd with stars, the glitt'ring gems of heav'n ;
And high enthron'd, from clouds emerg'd the moon,
Walking in brightness through the spangled arch,
Dispers'd the darkness with her lucid rays,
And tipp'd the hills with silver. Underneath
A tufted oak, upon a grassy couch,
A slumbering youth reposed : sleep on his eyes
Sat heavy, and, with its benumbing pow'r,
Seal'd up each faculty in helpless stupor,
Thoughtless and fearless of impending harm ;
But at his side, to him unknown, behold
A guard seraphic stood....a glorious form ;
One from high heav'n dispatch'd, to watch around,
And shield young Henry from the countless ills
That hourly hang o'er mortals' heads ; to guide
Th' unwary youth, th' heav'nly messenger,
Faithful to his great charge, his steps attend
With sweet delight ; obedient to his God.
Around his head a radiant glory shone ;
Youth in his face sat smiling all serene ;
And his gay plumage, ting'd with all the dies
Which glow in that fair arch by mortals seen,
When clouds bedew the earth with gentle show'rs.

Still was the season ; solemn silence reign'd ;
Ev'n Philomel forgot her mournful tale,
And hush'd in gentle rest, all nature lay !
Only Celesto wak'd : long wrapt in thought
The angel stood, and view'd the wond'rous scene.
The wond'rous scene inspir'd devotion pure,
And love and rapture glow'd within his breast ;
Love too intense, and rapture too divine

To be lock'd up in silence, from his side
His golden harp he takes, and with sweet voice
Charms the still night, with melody more soft
Than sabled Orpheus, when the savage herd
Listen'd, attentive, to his warbled song.

air.

Thou great omnipotent,
Thou Lord of earth and sky;
I on thy gracious errand sent,
Adore thy majesty.

When I behold the sun,
The creature of thy pow'r,
His daily radiant circle run,
I wonder and adore.

The moon and stars, by night,
In feebler glories shine;
But all from thee derive their light,
Thou source of light divine.

Thine everlasting praise
Seraphic armies sing,
And I (unworthy) join the lays,
Thou everlasting king.

Hail! holy, holy, Lord!
Thrice holy one in three;
Thy boundless name be still ador'd,
Throughout eternity.

But see, a beauteous form, with nimble step,
Trips o'er the dewy green, and this way bends;
A flowing robe hangs loosely o'er her limbs,
By every breath of wanton zephyrs mov'd:
A rosy chaplet, intermix'd with sprigs
Of blooming myrtle, circles round her head,
And in her face sits laughter uncontrol'd.
All gay and sprightly, as the summer's sun,
Two nymphs attend her, and, with skilful hand,
On pipe and tabor play, and, with their feet,
Keep time and measure to the jocund sound.

Ah! fatal charmer! Ah! insidious fair!
For all's a painted show, a hollow cheat:
Long from her breast has virtue fled, and vice
Reigns in her heart, and wantons in her eyes;
Syren her name; by night she issues forth,
And spreads her silken nets of gay delights,
To catch unwary travellers, and such
Who rove abroad unguarded and secure.
Delusive flatt'ry hangs upon her tongue,
And endless ruin follows in her train;
Her steps lay hold on death, and all her paths,
Though strew'd with roses, lead directly down
To the black chambers of eternal woe.

SYREN.

'Wake sleeping youth, awake, and see
Thy love, thy Syren waits for thee:
Why waste the hours as they fly,
In quick succession, round the sky.
The present moment seize, live while 'tis day,
Ere time and youth take wings, and fly away.

Jocund sounds shall greet thine ear;
Age and wrinkles soon appear.
Haste! improve thy little span,
'Tis the chiefest end of man.
Thus to find happiness, be blest, and prove
The sprightly joys of music, wine, and love.

chorus.

The present moment seize, live while 'tis day,
Ere time and youth take wing, and fly away.

HENRY.

What sounds melodious charm my waken'd ear!
What heav'nly form art thou! if from the skies,
But now descended to this earthly ball,
Say, may a mortal ask (unblam'd) thy name!
And what thy errand is to this low world!
That with due rev'rence he may homage pay!

SYREN.

Not from the skies I come, I reign below,
Sole empress of this beautiful terrene:
My empire's large, my subjects many are,
And I their queen, their fount of happiness.
I lead them on in pleasure's smiling path,
Bestrew'd with roses, lin'd with gay delights.
I crown their temples, some with purest gold,
With laurel some, enduring ever green,
Emblem of victory, and on them pour
Treasures of golden ore, and sparkling gems,
From distant Ophir and Golconda brought:
I lead the sprightly dance, and from their breasts

Banish each care, and chace corroding thought,
Or drown them in the sparkling, flowing bowl.
Come then, my Henry, let me call thee mine;
Come, and possess thy fill of happiness!
See, to adorn thy head, I have prepar'd
This flow'ry coronet, of various hue;
See riches, honors, pleasures, I bestow,
Come, follow me, and live secure from woe.

HENRY.

Charmer! lead on! I feel thy sov'reign pow'r
Inflame my heart, and from this happy hour
Thy steps I follow; thine, devoted live;
And, from thy hand the great reward receive
Thou on thy faithful subjects dost bestow,
To make them happy, while they dwell below.
Thy voice shall be my guide, thy smile my heav'n;
I'll be content with that, let that be giv'n.

SYREN.

Take my hand, and take my heart,
Thou and I must never part:
Let the fools who would be wise,
Talk of pleasures in the skies;
We were never there to see,
What those fancied pleasures be.

Let the dreamers have their way,
We'll be wiser still than they:
We'll the present hour improve,
As from bliss to bliss we rove;

Leaving anxious thoughts behind,
Give to-morrow to the wind.

chorus.

Strike the tabor, sweetly play,
We keep jocund holiday.

By guileful flatt'ry won, the heedless youth
Thus falls an easy prey ; he joins the throng
Of folly's children, in their mad career,
Ranging the giddy maze of vanity.
Nor sees the snare, nor heeds the dreadful gulph,
Upon whose verge he dances : gulph of woe !
Whose op'ning jaws have swallow'd thousands down
In fathomless destruction. Hapless souls !
A while they swam in pleasure's treach'rous sea,
Revel'd a moment in fantastic joys,
Then split upon the rock, their vessel bilg'd,
And down, down, down they sunk to endless woe,
And infinite perdition ; there to dwell,
And weep, and groan, a long eternity.
So the young ox, with festive wreaths adorn'd,
'Mid sprightly sounds, proud of his honors, goes
With stately steps along, thoughtless of harm,
'Till in his throat the sacrificer's knife
Deep plung'd, the bleeding victim falls and dies.

With downcast look, in pensive attitude,
Celesto stands ; his gen'rous breast can feel
And kindly pity his deluded charge.
'Twas his to guard him from corporeal harm,

That might with forceful acts of violence
His safety injure ; but to guard his heart
From Satan's wiles, to influence his will,
Shield his affections, and preserve his soul,
Angelic pow'r here fails ; not Gabriel's self,
Raphael, nor all the heav'nly host combin'd,
Can stand sufficient for the mighty task.
The Lord of Hosts alone, the great I AM !
By his Almighty grace, can keep the soul,
Rebuke the tempter, give to feeble man,
O'er sin, the world, and self, the victory !
Yet, full of noble zeal, the angel glow'd,
Zeal for his God! and faithful love to him
Whose welfare providence had made his care.
And see ! he spreads his wings and soars aloft,
And ranges far and wide in search of one
He deem'd of pow'r sufficient to reclaim
And bring the wand'rer back, and turn his feet
From error's maze, to tread in paths of peace.
Long fruitless prov'd his toil, but found at length ;
With accents mild and countenance serene,
He to Religion thus his speech address'd.

CELESTO.

Offspring of heav'n, belov'd of God, I come
To crave thy pow'rful aid, my earthly charge,
A youth committed to my strictest care
By our great master, late betray'd, entic'd
By her, who potent reigns in human hearts,
And leads them far from God, and holds them bound
In cursed chains, blind vot'ries to her will :
Thou knows't her well, 'tis Syren, foe declar'd

To God and thee, his image and delight.
Come, and let thy sweet voice attract his ears,
For on thy tongue melodious music hangs;
Come, and disclose thy beauties to his sight,
And charm his heart by thy mysterious pow'r.
O shew his feet the way that leads to life,
And break the snare, and snatch him from the arms
Of that false sorceress, and in his breast
O raise thy holy, happy, peaceful throne,
And make him bless'd indeed.

RELIGION.

To thy request, fair angel, I attend;
Thy tale with grief I hear, nor slack shall prove
To use my utmost skill, and to his ear
Bring truth divine. But know, my utmost pow'r
Can but his ear assail; 'tis not in me
To turn the bias of his heart corrupt;
My elder sister, grace divine, alone
Can ope those doors, to me by nature shut.
'Tis her prerogative to melt the heart,
Change the affections, new create the soul,
And reinstate me in my rightful throne.
Then shall I sway my peaceful sceptre there,
And guide his feet in wisdom's pleasant paths.

air.

Who can save a wretch undone?
Who can melt a heart of stone?
None but grace, from Jesus sent,
Grace indeed, omnipotent!

See the fruitless heath appear
Barren, desolate and bare;
Parch'd with heat, no moisture nigh,
Open to the sult'ry sky.

Grace can look the drought away,
Dress it in the robes of May;
See the leafy train arise,
Spicy odours fill the skies.

Heav'nly dews refresh the ground,
Fruitfulness smiles all around;
See the wilderness no more,
Eden opes her plenteous store.

CELESTO.

'Tis true; but know, dear maid, tho' Henry now
Runs in the devious paths of sin astray,
His name in heav'nly records is set down,
And in eternal love he bears a part;
For heav'nly spirits 'tend not those whose end
Is misery and woe: we minister
At our dread Lord's command, to those who share
In his redeeming love, for whose dear sake,
He, manifest in flesh, on earth appear'd,
And took their sins, and nail'd them to his cross,
That he might snatch them from the jaws of hell
By pow'r almighty, and supernal grace.
Here springs a ray of light; then, who can tell,
But when thy voice arrests his outward ear,
And pourtrays to his view the joys which flow

From undefil'd religion, all sincere,
An unseen hand, an energy divine,
May fix the lesson home upon his heart,
And teach him heav'nly wisdom.

RELIGION.

.....Celesto lead,
Thy steps I follow, and with warm desire,
To see this brand pluck'd from sin's hateful fire.

Now had the cock's shril clarion wak'd the morn,
And call'd Aurora from her soft repose
T' unlock the gate of day; the soaring lark
Warbled his early matins; from each bush
The feather'd songsters sent sweet melody,
To greet th' approach of light, in varied notes;
When, lo! the rover, flush'd with gay delights,
Fatigu'd with midnight revels, stroll'd recluse,
Revolving in his mind past pleasures o'er,
And big with expectation, fond and vain.

But see! religion comes, with modest step,
Treading the dewy grass; her progress mark'd
By springing flow'rets, fragrantly sweet;
Her unadorned tresses careless hang
On either shoulder, while a snow-white robe
Her beauteous form conceals: around her, girt
Fast with a golden girdle, to her feet
Her robe descends in flowing majesty;
In her fair face no wanton blushes rise
From thought impure, or laughing levity,
But holy cheerfulness sits native there,

And smiles benignant, full of heav'nly love,
Prophetic of the peaceful calm within.
So sweetly mild, her look attracts the love
Of each beholder: yet such majesty
Darts from her eyes, and hangs about her person,
As strikes the boldest heart with awe profound.

RELIGION.

Stop, gentle youth, and one short moment spare
From vain pursuits, and let thy list'ning ear
Attend a stranger's voice; for know, I bring
A solemn message from the heav'nly king.
Of birth divine I am, sent from the skies,
To make the sons of folly bless'd and wise.
To men I call, and lift my voice to those,
Who to themselves, their God, and me, are foes.
My name, Religion! and my office this,
To lead from death and woe to life and bliss.
Let then thine ear attend, thine heart receive
The sacred truths I bring, O hear and live!

HENRY.

Thou visitant divine! aw'd by thy voice,
Each roving thought retires, and on my mind
Devout attention sits. See, all around
Creation, list'ning to that warbling thrush,
Seems hush'd in silence; silence, how profound!
Ev'n zephyr sleeps, lest with his fanning wings
The rustling leaves disturb her melody.
So to thy more harmonious voice, my mind
And all her pow'rs shall listen while thou speak'st;

Each interrupting thought shall stand aloof,
And wait till better leisure gives them leave.

RELIGION.

'Tis not thine ear, O Henry! will suffice;
Thine heart I chiefly want; O! ope thine heart,
And take me to thy bosom, there to dwell
In union, indissoluble and sweet:
Thy heart's my rightful throne, there I would sit
In the great name of him who reigns on high,
And sway my peaceful sceptre in thy soul,
Direct thy footsteps, lead thy willing feet
In wisdom's pleasant paths, where thou may'st run,
And gather pleasures, as the drops of dew
Num'rous, and drink thy fill of happiness!
Pleasures all pure, and happiness divine.

HENRY.

If but to make me happy, thou art come,
I thank thee, gen'rous maid; thy kind concern
Demands much gratitude: but know, I've met
A beauteous form indeed, tho' sprung from earth,
And from her lips have learn'd the way to bliss;
Nor other bliss I need, for all my pow'rs
She from her plenteous stores will satisfy,
With ever new delight.

RELIGION.

.....Mistaken youth!
Charm'd by her gay outside and fair pretence,
Thou seest not the hypocrite within:
'Tis Syren! fatal name! Syren, abhor'd

By God and goodness, as their utter foe.
Her breast's the seat of guile and base deceit;
This her lips utter, and her hands perform.
Caught in her snare, lur'd by her varied arts,
Thousands have danc'd her giddy round a while;
Then stumbling o'er black rocks which lay unseen,
Have fall'n ten thousand fathoms, down the gulph
Of dark despair, and never ending woe,
And found her paths, tho' strew'd with roses, led
To the infernal chambers of the dead.

HENRY.

If she be false, how is it I possess
So much of joy, so much of happiness?
She hourly leads my feet to new delights,
And when they cloy, she still to fresh invites:
If gloomy thoughts arise within my breast,
One smile of her's soon hushes them to rest;
So sweet's her smile, so wond'rous strange her pow'r,
She finds amusements new for every hour.
From the dark mine, she calls the golden ore,
And pours it on me in abundant store;
She crowns my head with plumes from honor's wings,
And promises to rank me e'en with kings;
Her acts so gen'rous, and her words so fair,
How can I doubt but that they genuine are!

RELIGION.

What are her pleasures, Henry? Light and vain,
Fantastic joys, but link'd with endless pain;
Joys, such as beasts partake; but man was made

To drink of pleasures which can never fade.
What will her gold do for thee? Will it buy
A crown of life, a mansion in the sky?
When pain attacks thy limbs, and sore disease,
Will it remove thy griefs and give thee ease?
When death appears, can gold a ransom pay,
And send the king of terrors, brib'd away?
O no! It falsely glitters in thy sight,
And, like a meteor, bursts in shades of night.
So, all the honors this false world can give,
End in a name; nor long that name can live.
Revolving periods, sweep past things away,
The works of art, yea, nature's self-decay!
Soon will the day appear, when earth and sky
Shall in one undistinguish'd ruin lie;
Thy Syren then, surrounded all by fire,
Shall, in the mighty ruin lost, expire.

But hear my voice, O youth! for happy's he,
Whose heart's athirst, whose spirit pants for me:
Yea! thrice he's bless'd who seeks his greatest gain
From me, for long he shall not seek in vain.
More precious far than rubies is my name;
The pearl of price, man's chiefest good I am.
Dost wish to live a goodly train of years?
See, in my right hand, length of days appears:
Eternal life's my dowry, me receive,
And to eternal ages thou shalt live.
Would'st high exalted sit, in honor's chair?
And in abundant riches wish to share?
In my left hand unceasing riches flow,
Honors superior to aught known below.

Dost pleasures love? Would'st have thy joys increase?
My ways are pleasant, and my paths are peace.
From creature joys, no lasting bliss can flow,
For creatures fade, and into darkness go.
I'll lead thy feet to God, in him is found
Pleasures all pure, with long duration crown'd;
Eternal as their mighty author's name,
Who was, and is, and still shall be the same.
When thou shalt see thy Father's smiling face,
And prove the boundless wonders of his grace;
When in thy raptur'd heart, a Saviour's love,
Shed sweetly there, by the celestial dove;
How wilt thou fall astonish'd, bow, and own,
Till then, thou real pleasure hast not known:
O! then be wise, attend unto my voice,
Approve my counsel, make me all thy choice;
Then, like a mighty stream, thy peace shall flow,
And still increasing, while thou dwell'st below:
And when thy glass is run, and death appears,
I'll smooth the tyrant's face, and hush thy fears,
And thou shalt sweetly lay thee down to rest,
Not die....but fall asleep on Jesus' breast!
Till the great trumpet sounds, then wak'd, arise
Joyful, to meet thy Saviour in the skies;
Receive a radiant crown, and fully prove
The heights and depths of his redeeming love.

air.

Joy and wonder overflowing,
Love and peace their streams unite;
Still increasing, ever growing,
To a sea of pure delight:

Trees of life, with verdure blooming,
O'er the banks their shadow spread;
Spicy sweets, the air perfuming,
From the blossoms hourly shed.

Happy saints here swim in pleasure,
Holy pleasures, all divine;
Quaff of bliss, unbounded measure,
And in sacred anthems join.
Low before the Saviour falling,
They adore his majesty;
Matchless grace and love extolling,
Through a vast eternity.

HENRY.

So great a prize! such everlasting gain!
How can a mortal this vast bliss obtain?
Deign to inform my mind, thou heav'nly fair,
That I in this felicity may share.

RELIGION.

If thou, O youth! this pearl of price would'st gain
And this supreme felicity attain:
Exalted high upon a throne of grace,
Immanuel reigns, and in his awful face
Sweet love and mercy shine in beams so bright
That earth and heaven live upon the sight;
Lift up thine eyes to his all-gracious seat,
Come, fall a willing vot'ry at his feet,
He'll ope his lib'ral hand, and large bestow
Of all can make thee truly bless'd below.
Upon thy head a crown of life he'll place,

Bright beaming glory, rich, abundant grace,
Free as the air you breathe ; O ! seek and find ;
Jesus, to seeking souls, is ever kind.
But, gentle youth, would'st thou this crown receive,
Thou must thyself a willing off'ring give
To the great king of saints ; he asks thine heart,
That he to it may heav'nly peace impart :
The whole, without reserve ; he will not share
With rivals, he must reign unrival'd there.
Renounce thyself, thy strength, thy wisdom flee,
Sit at his feet, and find him made to thee
Strength, wisdom, righteousness divine, yea all,
More than thou lost by thy first father's fall.
Renounce thy Syren too, O youth ! and part
With that lov'd, fatal charmer of thine heart ;
Thou must forsake her company, and flee
Her false allurments with alacrity ;
Must watch against her wiles, her joys detest,
And drive the fatal sorc'ress from thy breast.
Take up the cross, and struggle, strive, and pray,
And follow Jesus in the narrow way.
Yet start not, Henry ! tho' the task is hard,
O let thine eyes attend the great reward,
The glorious prize, the heav'nly crown in view ;
O linger not, but hasten to pursue ;
And thou wilt find, when thou art taught aright,
His yoke is easy, and his burden light ;
He'll pow'r impart, thy strength he will renew,
There's all-sufficient grace to bring thee through.

HENRY.

It shall be so ; thy voice I will obey,
My sprightly youth will languish and decay ;

And when revolving years have made me wise,
And taught me how thy sage advice to prize,
I shall grow tir'd of this gay life I lead,
And then I'll watch, and pray, and hear, and read;
Far from the noisy haunts of men retire,
And after God and godliness aspire;
I'll seek some lone retreat, some moss-grown cell,
Where solitude and meditation dwell;
There wholly give myself to God and thee,
And end my days in strictest piety.

RELIGION.

Think not, O youth! that I to cells retire,
And seek to kindle there devotion's fire,
Recluse from mortal view my beauties hide,
And but with gloomy devotees abide:
No! thou may'st still in social life remain,
For that created; yet true bliss obtain.
But shall thy youth, thy prime of life be spent
In vain pursuits, to sin and folly lent?
And but the dregs to God and me be giv'n,
And thy last hours be all thou'lt spare for heav'n?
Ungen'rous thought, how foolish and unwise,
Thus to affront the sov'reign of the skies.
When feeble age unnerves thy ev'ry pow'r,
And pain invades thy limbs each ling'ring hour;
When dim thine eyes, thy tott'ring feet refuse
Their usual office, trembling fear ensues;
Forgetful mem'ry, passions weak and low,
All thy whole frame sick and disordered grow;
And thou no more can'st taste the sweets of sin,
O wilt thou then to think of God begin?

And bring thy crazy self to his abode,
As a fit off'ring for the glorious God?
I limit not his grace, 'tis all-divine;
But can'st thou justly hope this grace for thine!
Hear what he says, when rob'd in radiant light
He comes, his injur'd majesty to right.
With gracious voice I call'd, you would not hear;
My threats alarm'd, but you refus'd to fear:
Now, when your terrors rise, I'll scorn your woe,
Ye cursed, into endless burning go!
Haste then, dear youth! his mercies now are great,
Let sweet repentance lead thee to his feet:
Be wise in time, O seek his bless'd abode,
And dedicate thy happy youth to God.

HENRY.

I'll think upon thy words; no longer stay,
But call to-morrow, or some future day.

RELIGION.

O seize the present now, be wise to-day,
In death's cold arms thou may'st to-morrow lay:
Where is to-morrow? far beyond the skies;
O catch the present moment ere it flies.

air.

Youth, and health, and life decay,
Fleeting as a summer's day;
Wisdom's sweet instruction hear,
Ere the shades of night appear.
See Immanuel gracious stands,
Peace and pardon in his hands;

Seek his face, enjoy his love,
Everlasting blessings prove.

From his high throne, Immanuel, King of kings!
Saw, and approv'd his servant's pious zeal,
However fruitless; and his bosom glow'd
With love immense, compassion all divine,
To'ards the ungrateful wand'rer, tho' his ear,
Deaf as the adder to the charmer's voice,
Shut out consideration from his heart,
And gave him all to folly; for in vain
Religion pleaded, Syren kept his heart
Fast lock'd and barr'd, that no admission there
Her precepts pure could find, tho' heav'nly sweet,
And on her tongue sat harmony divine.
But he who once forsook his glorious throne,
And came (O wond'rous shepherd!) to redeem
And save his silly sheep, all gone astray,
And call the wand'rers home. He calls to mind
The mighty price then paid; he casts a look
Of heav'nly pity on th' unthinking youth:
Nor will he lose the purchase of his blood,
Which cost him groans and agony so dear:
Nor shall a false alluring world o'ercome
His mighty love, and gen'rous purposes.
From his right hand, where high in place she stood,
He calls his darling, Grace, and go, he says,
Thou shalt prevail; with my omnipotence
I gird thee; go, and prosper in thy work,
Thy mighty work; go, new create his soul,
Turn him from darkness to the light of life;
Snatch him a burning brand from out the fire,

And bring him to my feet; high in his heart
Reign thou, and with thy pow'rful influence
Inform his judgment, rectify his will,
Charm his affections with supernal love,
And keep him ever thine, and ever blest.

GRACE.

Lo! at thy gracious word I go,
Glad to perform thy will below;
I'll chace the mist that clouds his sight,
And fill his soul with heav'nly light;
I'll make his deaf'ned ear attend,
His stubborn will I'll sweetly bend:
I'll melt the hardness of his heart,
And bid the mountains all depart:
I'll break his bands and set him free,
And bring the rebel home to thee;
With sweet contrition, at thy feet to lay,
Till thou shalt kindly speak his fears away,
And seal him for thine own: then heav'n shall ring
With loud hosannahs to the heav'nly king.

Down from the skies, all potent Grace descends,
With speed more swift than from the radiant sun
Darts all-prolific rays, or the wing'd flash
Of vivid light'ning, hastens thro' the air,
Nor stays, till in young Henry's favor'd breast,
By pow'r mysterious, (leave unask'd of him)
She 'lights, and rests a guest indeed divine:
Nor sits she there an idle visitant,
But soon her work begins, her glorious work,
To form his rebel heart anew for God.

Into his eyes, she all unseen, distills
From the fair fount of life some sacred drops,
Which far dispels the mist, and clears his sight,
That objects late unseen, appear in view;
And truth, all powerful, breaks upon his mind
With force resistless, pathos all divine.
His ears, obedient to her touch, fly ope,
And list, attentive to instruction's voice;
And from his heart, with strength omnipotent,
She rolls the stone, dissolves the adamant,
And sows the heav'nly seed, which soon shall spring,
And rise, and grow to a fair spreading tree,
Yielding delicious fruits from every bough.
Lo! now he feels sensations rise within,
Sensations new and strange, unfelt before:
He feels himself immortal, pants for joys,
Suited to one, in being rank'd so high:
Joys which can make immortal beings bless'd.
Earth disappoints his wish, he lifts his eyes,
Seeks it no longer there, but, all inflam'd
With warm desire, pursues supernal bliss.
Syren no more can charm; her pleasing form
No more conceals her falsehood from his view;
Her voice attracts no more, the snare is broke,
And, lo! he runs, he flies from her embrace,
As from the op'ning jaws of fearful woe.
Her ways he hates, delusive as they are,
And with fix'd eye and longing heart beholds
The charms sublime which shine in holiness,
And pants to find them planted in his breast,
That there substantial happiness may reign.
He stands astonish'd that his foolish heart,

So long beguil'd by sin's delusive voice,
Should dream of happiness from aught that springs
From her rank soul, or grows below the stars.
Grace leads his mind, in solemn thought to dwell
On murder'd time, lost opportunity,
The sin and folly of his squander'd youth;
Till from his bosom deep fetch'd sighs burst forth,
Expressive of the pungent grief within.
Grace lays him low in sweet humility;
And can there be (with mournful voice he cries)
A wretch so lost, a wretch so vile as I!
But lest his feet in sad despair should sink,
Grace to his view presents a pardoning God;
A bleeding Jesus, full of heav'nly love,
And sweet compassion beaming in his eyes,
Upon a throne of love; and to his feet
Grace brings him, as an humble supplicant,
Imploring mercy, while contrition sweet
Dissolves his heart, and penitential tears
Flow down his cheeks, and wrestle hard with God;
For, lo! he prayeth, and, with kind regard,
His Father heard his pray'r, and saw his grief,
And hastens with complacence infinite
To seal his pardon, to bestow his peace,
And welcome the returning prodigal
To all the blessings heaven can bestow
In time, and then, when time shall be no more,
But vast eternity forever reign.

Thus, all victorious grace her triumphs spread.
But see! in Syren's breast fell rage arise,

From disappointment sprung; her empire fall'n,
Her rites neglected, and herself abhorr'd,
By him so late with her curs'd fetters bound;
The all-devoted vassal of her will.
This pains her haughty heart, and in her cheeks
Shame and malicious indignation glow;
But practis'd, deep in fraudful mysteries,
She smooths her frowning brow, conceals her rage
In pleasing smiles of deep hypocrisy,
And flies with haste to seek the happy youth;
If haply with her soft delusive tongue,
She may again attract his ear, again
Delude his heart, and lead him still astray.
She sought not long, for in the flow'ry mead
Henry walk'd forth to taste the balmy sweets
Of the cool ev'ning's mild refreshing air;
And like the patriarch of old, to spend
In meditation sweet his silent hours,
Recluse, in holy converse with his God;
Soon she espied him, and with aspect fair
And flatt'ring words, she thus address'd his ear:

SYREN.

Thou darling of my heart, with longing eye
I've sought thee long, and when I saw thee nigh,
Tumult'ous joys arose within my breast,
Joys too extatic far to be express'd:
Thy absence fill'd my mind with anxious care,
I cannot, Henry, thy least absence bear:
Ah! why hast thou unkindly made me prove,
The pangs that ever wait on slighted love?

HENRY.

Avaunt, thou hateful sorc'ress from my sight
To thine own place, the dismal shades of night.

SYREN.

Ah! can thy lips such cruel words declare,
Thy lips, which oft to me did homage swear!
And can thy heart inconstant prove, and be
False to thy solemn vows, and false to me!
Why have thy feet forsaken my abode?
Have my commands, all pleasant, prov'd a load?
Did I e'er chide? Did not my hands bestow
All thy unbounded wish could grasp below?
I led thy feet in cheerful dances round;
With rosy chaplets, I thy temples crown'd:
I still thy table spread with viands rare,
And daily fed thee with delicious fare;
My gifts I suited to thy ev'ry pow'r,
And multiply'd thy pleasures ev'ry hour:
And wilt thou, can'st thou, thus ungrateful prove!
Ah! Henry, do not thus repay my love.

HENRY.

How could my heart so vain and foolish be,
E'er to be cheated and beguil'd by thee;
True, I was late thy slave, in bondage held,
And 'gainst the king of heaven I rebel'd;
Lur'd by thy voice, I wander'd far astray
In devious paths, far from the peaceful way
Of life and happiness. O wond'rous grace!
That heav'n should e'er compassionate my case,
And bring a wand'rer back, by pow'r divine.

No longer then, O Syren! am I thine;
Lo! I renounce thy love, thy charms detest,
And drive thee, fell deceiver, from my breast.
I yield myself to him whose boundless love,
Snatch'd me from ruin, to be bless'd above:
His air I breathe, 'tis by his pow'r I live,
'Tis just that I myself to him should give:
He paid a mighty sum to set me free
From thy sad chains, yea, gave himself for me!
Now, by his love o'ercome, I lowly bow,
And with fix'd heart to him allegiance vow.
Thy joys are false, thy pleasures all impure,
But Jesus' holy peace shall still endure;
When time decays, no end his pleasures know,
But ever rise, and ever overflow.
Then plead no more, my happy choice is this,
A crown of glory and eternal bliss.

air.

Hence! flatt'ring world, I bid adieu
To all thy splendid toys;
A nobler prize I must pursue,
And seek sublimer joys.

Up to the place where Jesus reigns,
I raise my wishes high;
My soul sublunar bliss disdains,
And grasps eternity.

SYREN.

Since all in vain I plead, I'll plead no more,
But on thy head my mighty vengeance pour;

Dream not of bliss, I'll spoil thy pleasing views,
Since all my kindest offers you refuse ;
My smiles reject ; I'll with an awful frown
Bring all your high raised expectations down :
Not joy, but sad anxiety and woe
Shall still attend thee, while thou dwell'st below ;
I'll summon all my pow'rs, and thou shalt see,
They're strong, to execute what I decree ;
Reproach, with all her tongues shall blot thy name,
And spread calumnious falsehoods o'er thy fame ;
Contempt and scorn, twin sisters, shall agree,
Where'er thou goest, to meet thy infamy :
Penurious want shall stare thee in the face,
And to the utmost try thy boasted grace ;
For to foul rapine I'll thy substance give,
And thou despis'd, in indigence shall live,
And spend thy mournful days in sad distress,
Stranger to joy, stranger to happiness.
When for repose thou suest the shades of night,
Visions terrific shall thee sore affright ;
In dreams I'll scare thee, still attend thy bed,
And pour my utmost vengeance on thy head ;
I'll call my blood-hounds, they shall run thee down,
And thou shalt feel the weight of Syren's frown ;
They hate thy king and thee : say, at a stake
Can'st thou in flames expire for Jesus' sake ?

HENRY.

Think not thy feeble threats my soul alarms,
No ! I securely rest in Jesus' arms ;
He reigns above, exalted King of kings,
And I, beneath the shadow of his wings,
Shall dwell secure ; thou canst not work me woe,

My blessings from the rock of ages flow ;
As to the sea his awful mandate came ;
Old ocean heard, and still obeys the same ;
So, by his pow'r, thy malice he'll restrain,
And thou shalt boast, and threat, and rage in vain.
But should he thee permit thy pow'r to try,
And so prepare me for a seat on high ;
I'll to his will submit, I'll bear his cross,
And count my earthly all, but dung and dross ;
Low at his feet I'll lay it, and resign
To wisdom infinite and love divine ;
My feeble mind he will with strength endue,
There's all-sufficient grace to bring me thro' ;
Nor fire, nor water, earth, nor hell, shall part
His love from me, so faithful is his heart :
I'll trust him then, and let what will betide,
He will deliver, since for me he died.

So spake the youth, and at his gracious choice,
Heav'n smil'd propitious. Syren, all enrag'd,
And big with malice, further speech disdain'd,
And hasted to revolve her dire intents,
And, leagu'd with hell, her dark designs contrive ;
While Henry, fill'd with holy confidence,
Commits his all to his Redeemer's hands ;
And on he goes, rejoicing in his God.
With God, his shield, he fears not hosts of foes
With God his anchor, rides the storm secure.
Peace flows within his breast, and grace divine,
Sways there her pow'rful sceptre, guides him right,
While in the wilderness he journies on
To that good land, the promis'd happy shore,
Where Jesus and his saints forever reign.

PART II.

Meditations and Letters.

DIVINE

Poems and Essays.

PART II.

MEDITATIONS

ON PART OF THE

SONG OF SOLOMON.

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," *v.* 1. Thou who art the eternal Jehovah....who art God over all, blessed forever; whose throne is in the heaven of heavens, and who yet condescendest to dwell with the children of men, even in the hearts of thy ransomed ones: thou Son of man, who art the shepherd of Israel, and the keeper thereof; who, having made peace by the blood of thy cross, art exalted to be the prince of peace: thy name is wonderful! thou art become Immanuel, God with us! and in thee dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily. Visit me with thy salvation, O thou, who art the Saviour of sinners; thou, who hast loved me, and given thyself for me; thou art my heavenly bridegroom; thou hast purchas-

ed me, at the infinite price of thy blood, and betrothed me to thyself in everlasting loving kindness, in righteousness, faithfulness, and truth; but I will dwell in a howling wilderness, surrounded with dangers, and many afflictions: O lift up the light of thy countenance on me, and bless me with the consolations of thy Spirit....for thy love is better than wine: because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth; thou art the repairer of the breach; thou art the Saviour of our souls; thy blood is the precious balm of Gilead, that alone is able to cure all the festering sores of sin: thy righteousness is the robe, in which, being clad, we are found complete; thy Spirit is the oil of gladness, with which thou anointest us; from thee, thou fountain of all blessedness, flows all the sweet streams of pardon and peace, reconciliation, justification, sanctification, preservation and glorification; therefore is thy name as ointment poured forth, and because of this, do the virgins love thee; those who see thee are complete in thee, rejoice in thee as their salvation....they triumph in a Saviour's name: O how sweet is the name of Jesus, when pronounced by his Spirit to the soul; then we cry out, "Whom have I in heaven but thee! and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee!" But when that blessed Spirit withdraws his divine influence, when Jesus turns away his face, we cannot see him, we no longer delight in his name, nor rejoice in his love; our affections freeze....winter spreads his cold dominion over our hearts, and we find, without him, we can do nothing: draw me, therefore, O thou Almighty Saviour, with the cords of thy love, and my soul shall run after

thee: let thy quickening Spirit continually breathe the life of God into my heart, and I shall live to thee.

"I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." What is man, that he should be clean? and he that is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? I am vile, born in sin, and conceived in iniquity; I have been drinking up iniquity like water, and am altogether black as hell: my father was an Amorite, and my mother an Hittite, and therefore had no right to the heavenly Canaan: I was a poor babe, cast out, not washed from guilt and filth, naked and stripped of all; and not only so, but wounded, having fallen among thieves; they had left me more than half dead, in this condition, this lamentable condition: (and yet alas, no eye pitied me). But when Jesus passed by, he saw me....he took compassion on me, and when I was in my guilt, in my sin, and pollution, he bade me live! Be astonished, O my soul, at this wonder of grace! the eternal three entered into a covenant engagement to deliver my soul; and in consequence of this, Jesus thoroughly purged away my guilt with his own blood; he covered my nakedness with his own robe; anointed me with the oil of his Spirit, and shod me with the preparation of the gospel of peace: he hath fed me with the bread which came down from heaven, and with honey out of the living rock; and he hath pronounced me perfect, through the comeliness which he hath put upon me: he who knew no sin, was made sin for me; that I, who knew no righteousness, might be made the righteousness of God in him.

"I am the rose of Sharon," says Jesus, "and the lily of the vallies; thou hast redemption through my blood, the forgiveness of thy sins: I am the express image of the invisible God, for I and my Father are one. By me were all things created in heaven and in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, principalities, or powers, all things were created by me, and for me: I am before all things, and by me all things exist; and it pleaseth the Father, that in me should all fulness dwell. I have made thy peace, with the blood of my cross: I have loved thee, and laid down my life for thee; as the lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters: I have washed thee and made thee white; I have made thee partaker of my nature, thou art a lily among thorns: all who have not received my grace, are thorns by nature; thou wert so once, but I have changed thy state, and changed thy nature; thou art complete in me, and I have adorned thee with the graces of my Spirit; thou art all fair, I will see no spot in thee." This is the Saviour's language to his espoused. And what shall I say unto thee, O my king and my God! as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons: thou art superlatively excellent; my beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand: thou art King of kings, and Lord of lords; infinite in holiness, glory, and majesty: yea, thou art altogether lovely: every thing else is void of goodness, but thou art like a green fir-tree; from thee my fruit is found. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem! I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. We

speak the things we do know, what our eyes have seen, and our hands handled of the word of life.

"The voice of my beloved," Jesus speaks! listen, O my soul, to the kind words he pronounces: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee; I will heal thy backslidings, I will love thee freely; for mine anger is turned away from thee: I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." This is the voice of my beloved, his sheep know it, they follow him; they know not the voice of strangers, therefore they flee from them. The voice of my beloved, behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills; over all the mountains of unbelief, over all the hills of corruption and difficulties: Jesus flies to thy relief; he will not tarry forever: behold he cometh, he cometh to give thee a crown of righteousness; he is gone to prepare thee a mansion above, and will come to receive thee in the arms of his love; to wipe away all tears from thy face; to conduct thee to the happy realms of light and love; and to present thee to his Father, and thy Father....to his God, and thy God, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.... Then the day, the perfect day will break; then the shadows shall all flee away....Thou now seest through a glass darkly; but then thou shalt behold him face

to face: now thou art called to walk by faith; then thou shalt live by sight forever: now thou knowest but in part; but then thou shalt know even as thou art known: the veil shall be entirely taken from thine eyes, and thou shalt behold the king in his beauty: thou shalt no more know affliction, temptation, nor desertion, for there shall be no night there; the lamb shall be thy everlasting light; thou shalt behold his face without a cloud, and enjoy the brightness of eternal day. He which testifieth these things, saith, "Surely, I come quickly!" Amen....even so, come Lord Jesus.

Tell me, O thou king of saints, thou Lord of life and glory, thou good shepherd of Israel, who hast laid down thy life for thy sheep; thou whom my soul loveth; O tell me where thou feedest?....where thou feedest thy children with divine manna....even with the bread which cometh down from heaven, which, whosoever eateth, shall never die?....Where are the green pastures to which thou leadest them by the still waters, the rivers of life, which flow at thy right hand forevermore?....Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! lead me into the way of peace; lead me into the same pastures; feed my soul with that bread of life, lest the journey be too great for me, and I faint by the way....therefore tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; when the sun of temptation, persecution, and fiery trials, with unremitting fervor, beats on their weak defenceless heads, oppressed and fainting beneath the heat of his unfriendly scorching

rays ; in the midst of an howling wilderness, whose burning sands afford no shade, no friendly shelter to screen and defend from the heat of the day, and refresh them with its cooling influence, when bowed down by the burthen of sin, and the heavy load of severe affliction....where, O where dost thou make them to rest ?....Tell me, O thou compassionate friend of sinners; for why should I be as one that turneth aside, why should I wander from the good way ?....

" If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tent : stand ye in the way, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way ; and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Thus speaketh the good shepherd, the great prophet of Israel : he says, " I am the way the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the father, but by me : seek not from created things, that peace and protection which they cannot afford ; miserable comforters are they all ! but look unto me, and be ye saved. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Art thou groaning under the burden of sin ? look unto me, I have made peace with the blood of my cross : I have made an end of sin by giving myself a sacrifice for it ; I have brought in an everlasting righteousness, whereby God can be just, and yet the justifier of such an ungodly sinner as thou art. Look then unto me, behold a Saviour lifted up on the pole of the everlasting gospel : fall at the feet of my cross, and thy burden shall fall from thy back : and thou shalt find rest for thy soul ;

I give thee that peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Art thou fainting beneath the weight of severe afflictions, heavy oppressions, and fiery trials? O look unto me, my beloved, thou fairest among women: thou art following me, bearing my cross; thou art indeed climbing up a steep mountain of difficulties, where thou canst find no refreshment, nothing to support or cheer thy drooping spirit; but underneath thee are my everlasting arms: look unto me, who am the God of all consolation; all thy springs are in me, and out of my fulness thou shalt receive grace for grace: as thou art suffering with me, thou shalt also reign with me: they that bear my cross, shall wear my crown: behold the tender affection of my heart towards thee; behold the sufficiency of my power to help thee; remember the great and precious promises I have given thee....I am the faithful witness, I live to fulfil them to thee: as the lasting hills surround Jerusalem, so all the attributes of thy covenant God, are engaged to support and deliver thy soul.... These are some of the green pastures, where I feed my sheep with heavenly manna; where they renew their strength, and grow up as the calves of the stall.... Eat and drink, O my friend abundantly, and let your soul delight itself in fatness: I am that God, who is thine eternal refuge....I am that man, who is an hiding place from the wind, and a cover from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Come then, unto me, O thou poor fainting disciple, and put thy trust

under the shadow of my wings; I will refresh thee with the new wine of my kingdom: I have spread a table, even in this desart place, this barren wilderness, where I will feed thee with immortal food; meet thee, and bless thee, with the blessings of my love."

This is the voice of eternal truth; of him like unto whom, never man spake. When he takes me into his banqueting house; when he lifts up the light of his countenance on me, and raises his banner of love over my soul; then the graces of his Spirit flow into my heart; are strengthened, and encreased by the smiles of his face; my foes disappear, my sins vanish away, and nothing appears to my view, but Jesus the Saviour, the friend and beloved of my soul; my heart dissolves with unutterable delight, and I faint in the embraces of my crucified God. Thou art fairer than the children of men, O thou spouse of my soul! grace is poured into thy lips; all thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia....I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please. Jesus hath taken his abode in my heart: he lives and loves, and delights to dwell there. I charge you, O ye sinful inclinations, ye tempestuous corruptions of my nature, be ye still, be ye hushed if possible, into eternal silence, disturb not, ye hateful intruders, the repose of my Lord; grieve not his Spirit, nor awake him, till he please. "My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart: behold he standeth behind our wall:" it is our iniquities; those cursed things, which only can separate between us and our God. Jesus hath washed them away

from my soul, in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin; yet alas! poor silly sheep that I am! my heart is apt to wander from the good shepherd, run away from his sacred fold, and is continually raising walls of separation, which hides from me the comfort of his presence, the compassion of his heart; and robs me of the joy of his salvation: but kind and faithful as he is, he remembers his covenant, he hates putting away: he will not give up his darling to the power of the dog; but tenderly bears with all my ingratitude, with all the various unkind affronts I am continually putting upon him; and though he is a God that hideth himself from the house of Israel, yet he will not go far away: behold, he standeth behind our wall; be not cast down then, O my soul, as though thy Jesus, thy faithful Saviour, had forgotten or forsaken thee; he is not gone forever; he is but behind the wall: he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice: wait then upon him in his appointed ways, his gospel ordinances; they are but narrow lights, it is true; but Jesus, the sun of righteousness, shews himself through them: he will meet thee, and bless thee in them; and if thou gettest but a glimpse of his glorious person; if thou seest but the skirt of him whom thy soul loveth, it will sweeten the hours appointed for thy pilgrimage here; and when they are elapsed, when the tedious glass of life is run, and the last sand spent; thy heavenly bridegroom will receive thee in the arms of his love, where sin and sorrow shall disturb thee no more, forever: but thou shalt more fully comprehend that

infinite love which dwells in the heart of him, whose nature and name is love.

"O my dove!" says the Saviour, "that art in the clefts of the rock; in the secret places of the stairs; I call thee a dove, for I have washed thee whiter than snow; though thou hast lain among the pots; I have given thee wings of gold, and adorned thee with the meek graces of my Spirit: thou art hid in the clefts of the rock, even in the wounds of thy compassionate Saviour, so that no tempestuous wrath, no threatening evil, shall ever come nigh thee; thou art hid in the secret places of the stairs; I am that glorious, stupendous ladder, which reacheth from earth to heaven, uniting God and man in my own person: I have hid thee in the hollow of my hand, and will keep thee as the apple of my eye: let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely; look unto me, by the faith of the operation of my Spirit; call upon me in the time of thy trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me: I delight to hear thy voice, though feebly lisping out the desires of thy soul, or endeavoring to anticipate that which shall be thine eternal employment, even praise and thanksgiving to him who hath loved thee. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes;" watch over thine own heart, O my beloved! take heed of those foes, those subtle enemies, who are continually endeavoring to turn thee aside from the narrow way, the way which leadeth unto life; to stop thee in thy race Zion-wards, to quench the tender

flame of my love which I have kindled in thy soul; to nip the sweet graces of my Spirit, which I have planted in thy heart, which shall bud, and blossom, and bring forth fruit to my glory: beware of these foxes....these treacherous dealers; take heed of their wiles, lest thou fall into their snares: I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee; yea, I will keep thee by the right hand of my righteousness: all those thine enemies, who will not have me to reign over them, I will bring them out, and slay them, for mine own name's sake."

This is thy promise, O my king, and my God! help me to believe, and rely upon it; keep me under the shadow of thy wings, keep me as the apple of thine eye; I am a worm, and in me there is no might; but in the Lord Jehovah, I have righteousness and strength; yea, thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever; my beloved is mine, and I am his, he feedeth among the lilies; he is mine in the bonds of an everlasting covenant; my husband, my prophet, my priest, and my king: his name is called upon me, all that he hath is mine; his righteousness, his wisdom, his power and grace, his kingdom and glory, the blessings of the upper and nether springs; he is all my own, and I am his; his by creation, his by his own eternal choice: he hath bought me with a price, and I am not my own, but the property of him, who hath redeemed me with so vast a sum, that Gabriel himself must fail in computing it, throughout the countless ages of eternity, and with astonishment own it is indeed infinite!....I am

his by another tie; I have surrendered myself into his hand, I have committed my all to my beloved, knowing he will keep it against that day....Being bought with a price, I lay myself at his feet, desiring all that I am, and have, to be devoted to that Saviour and friend of my soul, who hath loved me with an everlasting love; who will love me to the end, and be my God, and my guide and salvation, for ever. The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He says to his saints, "I am thine inheritance and portion forever." He feedeth among the lilies; his throne is in the heaven of heavens; there he walketh among the white robed saints, who are perfectly delivered from the foul stains of sin and corruption; that leprosy shall no more break out in them; the polluted house is broken down; they have weathered the storm, and arrived safe at the haven of eternal rest, and left every care and every sorrow behind forever: they are continually in the presence of him, who is their all in all; enjoying the uninterrupted light of his blessed countenance, without a cloud between: they are eternally tuning their harps to his praise; casting their crowns at his feet; filled with all that extatic blessedness, which beatified spirits are capable of, in those happy realms of light and love, and ascribing salvation to God and the lamb for ever!

But this condescending Jesus....this beloved of my soul, not only displays the bright beams of his glory to those who have already taken possession of their heavenly inheritance; but he also walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, his church, which

is yet passing through the wilderness: he feedeth among the lilies; he watches over, and keeps her from the jaws of her enemies; he refreshes her, and comforts her drooping spirits when she is weary and faint, because of the way; he sometimes visits her with a sweet foretaste of those inexpressible, inconceivable blessings he has prepared for her future, her everlasting consolation; and every moment his eye is upon her for good. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether".... until the day break; that eternal glorious day, which shall never set in night! that day, when King Jesus shall appear in his glory; not as he appeared at Bethlehem, a meek and lowly babe; not as he appeared in Gethsemane, or on the mount of crucifixion, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! but as the eternal Jehovah, the everlasting God, in all his essential majesty and native splendor! a jealous God, taking vengeance on all that obey not his gospel, and love not his name. But rejoice, O my soul! he will appear as thy Saviour, thy sacrifice, and friend; he will shine forth in all his mediatorial glory, as the Lord our righteousness!....Then shall the heavens and the earth flee away; I shall meet my beloved, my espoused, in the air, and be forever with the Lord: until this day break, and the shadows of time flee away, turn, my beloved, and lift up the light of thy countenance on me: listen to the ceaseless moanings of thy plaintive turtle-dove; come over the rocks and rising grounds of all my unworthiness, and all my enemies; and be thou like a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away: rise up from the death of sin, to the life of faith and righteousness; for I have loved thee; I have made thee fair in the comeliness that I have put upon thee. Come away! come away from sin and Satan. Come away! come away from the world and its delusive vanities; let thine affections soar up to thy Saviour, who hath given himself for thee: for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; all the storm was poured out on thy surety's head; his locks were wet with the dews of the night, that thou mightest be blessed with the smiles of the sun of righteousness. The winter is past, the vernal season appears; the flowers spring; the fruits ripen, and the voice of the turtle, charms the listening ear: arise my love! arise my redeemed fair one, and come away!"

"By night on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him; but I found him not;" the sun of righteousness, who was wont to shine upon my soul, and gild my happy hours with the blessings of peace, withdrew his divine and comfortable influence ....that precious Jesus, in whose favor is life; whose presence filled my soul with heavenly day; in order to teach me that divine lesson, resignation to his will, as he did Abraham of old; he turned away the sweet shinings of his face from his beloved, and suffered me to walk in the shadows of the night, without the directing light, without the reviving warmth of his blessed Spirit; he drew a veil, a cloud of thick darkness over his creation in my heart, and having lost the

quickening influence of him, who only can keep my soul awake, velvet-shod Morpheus shook his poppies over me; and forgetful of my Saviour; forgetful of myself; I insensibly sunk into the arms of spiritual slumber: but Jesus stood by; he beheld me stretched out on the bed of security, and kindly awaked me from that sinful sleep, that lethargic condition in which my soul was plunged. On my bed I sought him; him whom my soul loveth....for Jesus was still the delight of my heart; having drank of his Spirit; having tasted of his love; nothing but the presence of my eternal, unchangable, immortal lover can satisfy the vast desires of my soul, which aspires after the blissful enjoyment of God; even my God forever: I sought him, but I found him not; I looked for him, but I could not see him; I seached my heart, but he was not there; he had withdrawn from that temple where he delighted to dwell: and who shall shew me any good? Lift thou up the light of thy countenance on me; I have slumbered and slept by the way, and my beloved is gone; where shall I find him? where shall I seek him? I will rise from this fatal drowsy state which has grieved my beloved, and caused my Lord to turn away in displeasure. I will rise now; I cannot, I must not delay; but while it is called to-day, will seek after him, in whose favor is life, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore: I will arise now, and go about the city; in the streets, and in the broad ways, I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not! Jesus, the only wise God our Saviour, uttereth his voice in the streets; he crieth in the chief places of concourse;

in the openings of the gates in the city, he uttereth his words : thither I make my resort, hoping to find my beloved, to hear his well known voice ; to behold his august, adorable person, as coming from Bozrah with his garments dyed in blood, travelling in the greatness of his strength ; him that speaketh in righteousness, mighty to save !....I sought him, but I found him not ; his ways and ordinances, though sometimes delightful, are now but dry breasts and barren wombs; because I cannot find my Saviour in them. By the rivers of Babylon, now I sit down ; I hang my harp upon the willows and cry out in my haste, " My Lord hath forsaken me ; my God hath forgotten to be gracious." The watchmen that go about the city found me ; to whom I said, " Saw ye him, whom my soul loveth ?" Jesus hath appointed watchmen, who go about his Zion, telling the bulwarks thereof, who, instant in season and out of season, proclaim to the citizens of Jerusalem, " Thy God reigneth !" They saw my distress, they beheld the anxiety of my heart; I enquired of them, " Have ye seen my Lord ? saw ye him whom my soul loveth ? know ye which way he went, or where he takes up his abode ? tell me, O ye favored ambassadors, ye messengers of peace, that I may fly on the wings of the wind, and fall at his feet again : it was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth."

When Jesus, by the secret influence of his Spirit, convinced me that his servants were not able to help me, could not bring me to him after whom I was seeking, nor afford me that consolation I vainly expected

from them; but gave me to look to the everlasting hills, from whence cometh salvation; and from heart-felt experience to say, "My expectation is from thee, O Lord"....I found him whom my soul loveth. Jesus the Saviour and friend of my soul, again whispered peace to his disconsolate bride; again he returned to his throne in my heart, dispersing my fears, subduing my foes, and giving me to exult in the favor of him, who is the joy of angels, the glory of saints; in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily: I held him, and would not let him go; tasting again the sweet sense of his love, I clung to his arms by the power of faith; thou art my supreme and only good; O bind me, my beloved, by the sweet bands of thy love, to the horns of the altar, the precious wounds of my Saviour; that I may never depart from thy feet; never lose sight of that dear Immanuel, who is exalted as a prince and Saviour, to bless me with the blessings of an everlasting covenant: in whom all my happiness centers; in whom all my treasures are eternally laid up: thou art my beloved, and thou art my friend; whom have I in heaven but thee, there is none upon earth I would desire in comparison of thee. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please: let nothing disturb the repose of my Lord; he rests in my arms, he abides in my heart. I charge you, O ye indwellers there; I charge you that are round about me, that ye offend not my Saviour; that ye grieve not his Spirit, nor cause him again to depart in displeasure.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoak, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?" Who is this that having been long imprisoned in the dreary confines of an howling wilderness, now abideth no longer in the tents of Kedar, but travelleth towards Zion, the city of the living God, like pillars of smoak perfumed with myrrh? She is black, she is polluted with sin, a smoaking brand plucked out of the fire; yet she is adorned out of the treasures of heaven, with fine linen, white and clean; yea, her garment is of wrought gold; her smell is as the smell of a field well watered by the Spirit from above. Jesus inquires, "Doth he not know?" yes, he declares, she is his spouse, his well-beloved; the very delight of his soul: he says of her, "Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes: I have washed thee, I have cloathed thee, I have sanctified thee: thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing, whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them: thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely; thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks; thy neck is like the tower of David, built for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men; thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feedeth among the lilies: until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense:

I will come unto thee, my beloved, and abide in thine heart for ever; I will visit thee with the sweet visitations of my grace and favor, till the bright day of eternity break; till every dark intervening cloud disappear, and the shadows of night are dispersed for ever; for thou art fairer and sweeter in thy Saviour's esteem, than whole mountains of spices, or groves of myrrh; yea, thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me, from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir, and Hermon, from the lion's den, from the mountains of the leopards. Come my beloved, with thy Saviour and King, who hath loved thee, and betrothed thee to himself, in an everlasting covenant: O come with me, my beloved, from Lebanon; look from the things which are seen and are temporal, to the things which, though unseen, are of eternal duration, and infinite: look from the deceitful pleasures and deluding vanities of time, to the heavenly Jerusalem, the habitation of my holiness, the place where mine honor dwelleth; where flows the water of life, and where that tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, blooms for ever: look from the lions' dens, the mountains of the leopards: thy spiritual enemies are numerous and various, they rage and roar, threatening to devour thee; but look not to their power, their strength, or their might, lest thou faint under a sense of thy own weakness, and forget thy Almighty Saviour, who is engaged to deliver thee; whose everlasting arms are underneath thee; who goeth before thee, and is thy rere-ward, and as a wall of fire round about thee:

thine enemies shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail; for I am with thee to save thee, and to deliver thee, saith the Lord; and I will deliver thee out of the hand of the wicked, and I will redeem thee out of the hand of the terrible; thou shalt not be ashamed, nor confounded, world without end."

"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates:" I am the careful husbandman, I am the watchful gardener; I water thee with the waterings of my Spirit, the gentle showers of my reviving grace, the soft and sweet dew of my blessings: I have planted my graces in thy heart, and will cause them to grow, to bud, blossom, and bring forth fruit, to the praise of the glory of my free grace: I will root up the weeds and prune thy branches, and cut off whatever is not of my right hand planting, and make thee to prosper as the garden of the Lord, even as Eden, my ancient delight: thou art inclosed in the arms of my love, I have fenced thee about with walls of salvation; this is a hedge no robber can break through, no beast of prey demolish, no subtle enemy undermine: it is built on a sure foundation, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, it is firm as the rock of everlasting ages, and shall endure to the days of eternity."

"Awake! O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out....Fragrant and sweet as thou art, my beloved, in the gracious and precious things with which I have adorned thee, unless thou art continually watered by

the showers from above, every moment refreshed by the quickening power of my Spirit, thou wouldest fade as the leaf, and wither as the rose, and sink into the cold, benumbing arms of spiritual death, forgetful of thy Saviour, thyself, and thy home. Come then, my eternal, co-equal, co-essential Spirit, breathe on my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out; breathe on my beloved with all thy cheering influence; quicken her faith, confirm her hope, inflame her soul with my pure, my holy love; increase in her soul that deep humiliation and self-abhorrence, which shall lay her in the dust at my feet; shed thy divinest rays on the beloved of my soul; and as I have clothed her in wrought gold, and given her raiment of fine needle-work, do thou take of that grace which is treasured up in my fulness, adorn her, and make her all glorious within."

"Awake! O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out....Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." I am thine, O thou Saviour of sinners; my blessed and adorable Jehovah Jesus, thine in the sweet bonds of an everlasting covenant: thou hast bought me with a price, and I am still thy own; I am thy new creation, thy garden of delights: let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits: come into my soul, O my king and my God; set up thy throne in my heart, there reign with the golden sceptre of love, Lord of my soul, without a rival: thou hast adorned me with the graces of thy Spirit, the peaceable fruits of thy righteousness:

Lord, I lay them all at thy feet, thine they are, and not my own; take the glory, take the everlasting praise; as all the work is thine, be thine the honor: for thou workest all our good works in us. O Lord, take up thine abode in my heart. O my beloved, create it anew by thy power, that I may know thee, and the power of thy resurrection."

"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drank my wine with my milk; eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved: I have taken up my abode in thy heart, O thou fairest among women; I have made it the palace where I delight to dwell, even an habitation of God, through the Spirit, having washed thee in my blood, and made thee white in the fountain I have opened for sin and uncleanness; having accepted thee in the righteousness I have wrought out for thee; I have smelled the sweet savour of those precious graces, with which I have perfumed thy soul: they are pleasant to my eye, and sweet in my nostrils; I have feasted with thee, my beloved, in the secret chambers; I have delighted in thee, from the days of eternity; I am that bread of life, that heavenly manna, which came down from above, for the life of thy soul: feed on me, O my sister, my spouse; drink of the water of life, which I freely bestow: whosoever drinketh of those living streams, shall never thirst again; they shall spring up in thy heart, as a well of water, unto eternal life. Eat, O my friend, drink, yea, drink abundantly: O beloved, receive out of my ful-

ness, grace upon grace; be not content with a little, just to keep thee from starving, but abundantly receive from my infinite treasure, that grace which shall make thee strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, that thou mayest mount heavenwards, as on eagles' wings; run with divine alacrity thy heavenly race, be more than conqueror over all thy foes, and be filled with all the fulness of God; plenteous grace is laid up in thy Saviour, I give it freely to them that need.... O come unto me my friend, my beloved; look unto me by an eye of faith, and I will pour into thy empty vessel, the blessings of peace, the sweet treasures of my love, and all the good things which were given thee in that covenant of peace which is steadfast as the throne of God; settled in all things and sure: I came into the world not for my own sake but thine, O believer; that thou mightest have life, and that more abundantly."

I sleep, but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."....I sleep; alas! sinful slumber hath taken hold of my soul; my drowsy powers relax; a heavy weight hangs upon my eyes, so that I cannot behold the sun of righteousness; presses me down to the cold regions of earth, so that I grovel as a worm thereof; my chariot wheels are taken off, which used to be as the chariots of Aminadab, so that I go slowly, heavily, mournfully on: I lag, and faint, and tire, amid the heavenly road, and freeze in the benumbing

chains of cold and barren winter. I sleep, but my heart waketh: still, O my blessed and adorable Jesus, there is somewhat in my soul, which panteth after thee; that living, inward principle, which thou hast imparted, a blessed spark of thine eternal flame; though covered with ashes, and surrounded with death, still it remains, still it lives and glows, though with faint and feeble desires after a Saviour, after him whom my soul loveth: I sleep, but my heart waketh: who is this that disturbs my slumbers with repeated knockings? it is the voice of my beloved, it is the voice of my friend; of that ever faithful, compassionate Jesus, who hath betrothed me to himself in everlasting loving-kindness; in the bonds of a covenant which cannot be broken, although I have ungratefully strayed from his bosom, where only peace and rest is to be found....though I have forsaken him, the fountain of living waters, and hewn out to myself cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold none of the water of life; yet, behold he standeth at the door and knocketh: he dealeth not with me as with one who hath broken wedlock, and shed blood: he cometh not in the thunders to alarm my soul; but gently knocketh at the door of my heart, saying, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; though thou hast wandered from me, yet thou art still my own; I have loved thee with an everlasting love: thou art still my beloved and the delight of my soul: thou art my undefiled one, though thou hast again and again made thy garments filthy, and been weary of me thine eternal lover; thou hast not brought me the small cattle of thy burnt offerings, neither hast thou honored me with

thy sacrifices. I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense : thou hast bought me no sweet cane for money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices ; but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities ; yet I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins....O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me ; I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins : return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.

" Open to me, O my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew, my locks with the drops of the night....behold me, who have laid the foundations of the earth, and stretched the line upon it ; who bringeth forth Mazzeroth in his season, and guidest Arcturus with his sons....behold me, bowed beneath the heavy load of thy iniquities, in the melancholy groves of shady Gethsemane, amid all the damp vapors of the night ; and (be amazed at the thought) vindictive justice, pouring floods of tempestuous, stormy wrath upon my head....justice stood forth and cried, Where is the sinner ? where is the rebel, who hath broken my laws, and brought dishonor on the name of infinite deity ? and I, thy friend, thy surety, thy Saviour, interposed !....I, who knew no sin, was made sin for thee ; I was wounded for thy transgressions, I was bruised for thine iniquities ; the chastisement of thy peace was upon me, and with my stripes thou art healed. I am the man that hath seen affliction, by the rod of God's wrath : he hath

bent his bow, and set me as the mark for the arrow: he hath caused the arrow of his quiver to enter into my reins: I was poured out like water, and all my bones were out of joint: my heart was like wax, my strength was dried up like a potsherd: my tongue clave to my mouth, and he brought me into the dust of death. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?.... Behold, and see if there be any sorrows like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me, in the day of his fierce anger; my soul hath it still in remembrance. With this great sacrifice of myself, I reconciled God to thee: with the blood of my cross, I made thy everlasting peace: wrath hath forsook the throne, and grace, love, and mercy, reign for ever; mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other: therefore, open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

"My beloved put his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him:" Jesus accompanied his word to my heart by the power of his Spirit, and my affections ran out after the Lord of my soul. "I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone; my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer." The beloved, the delight of my soul was retired from my view: alas! I could not behold the light of his countenance, the joy of his salvation: I sought him, but I found him not: I called him, but he gave me no an-

swer. Where art thou, my beloved, my Saviour, my spouse? hast thou cast me off forever? wilt thou no more be gracious? O Lord God of my salvation, I cry day and night before thee, for my soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave; thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps: mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction. Lord I call daily unto thee; I stretch out my hands unto thee; why casteth thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me? O God, my soul is cast down within me; deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy water spouts; and all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me; I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly: I go mourning all the day long, for my loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh: I am feeble and sore broken; I have roared because of the disquietness in my heart. Lord, all my desires are before the e,and my groaning is not hid from thee; my heart panteth, my strength faileth me; as for the light of mine eye it also is gone from me: Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her; yet the Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandments; behold, O Lord, for I am in distress, my bowels are troubled, my heart is turned within me, for I have grievously rebelled.

"I called, but he gave me no answer: the watchmen that go about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me." The ministers of Jesus beheld my distress, but they afforded me no consolation: they applied no healing balsam to soften the corroding an-

guish and alleviate the sorrow of my soul, but treated me with harsh and severe reproaches, and bitter words, which like so many daggers pierced my heart, encreased my distraction and almost sunk me into the black gulph of despair. To whom shall I look? I have grieved my Lord, and he hath turned away in displeasure; he shutteth his ears against my prayers; where shall I go to find my beloved, the consolation of Israel, and desire of nations? "I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem (ye, who like me, are seeking a Saviour) if Jesus favors you with the light of his countenance, if he takes you into the arms of his love, O remember, remember me; think upon me his forlorn bride; tell him, O tell him I am sick of love; tell him the desire of my heart is towards him; tell him I faint because he is absent, and let him not rest till he return and bless me."

"What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?" "My beloved is white and ruddy; the chiefest among ten thousand; he is the eternal and Almighty God, whose goings forth have been from everlasting: the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth: before his throne, the bright armies of heaven veil their faces, and cease not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty."....Fountain of light, of life and love; possessing the essential perfection of every good. He is the man, the exalted man, whom saints unseen adore: he cometh from Edom with

dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength: he goeth from conquering to conquer, mounted on his white horse, and in his chariots of salvation: he is faithful and true, and in righteousness doth he judge and make war; his eyes are a flame of fire, and on his head are many crowns; he is clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the word of God: the armies of heaven follow him, and out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God; he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords: he is the lion of the tribe of Judah, which has prevailed: from the prey he is gone up. He stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion, who shall rouse him up? he is not only thus awful in majesty, glorious in holiness, but he is also that meek and lowly lamb, which God hath appointed for a burnt-offering, a great and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of his people; he offered up himself on that great altar, which sanctifieth the gift, and now he appears in the midst of the throne as a lamb newly slain; he is a great high-priest forever, after the order of Melchisedek, such an high-priest as becometh us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners and made higher than the heavens; who not by the blood of goats or calves, but by his own blood he once entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us, and by one offering forever perfected them that are sanctified; he is the Mediator of

the New Testament, the great peace-maker between God and man: that blessed days-man who layeth his hand upon both parties, and hath found out a way by which God can be just, and yet justify sinners believing in Jesus. He is the way, the truth, and the life; the way by which God can receive into his favor rebels who have sinned and transgressed against him....the way by which sinners can come into the presence of Jehovah, as to their reconciled, forgiving, covenant God; and by the power of his Spirit, in the language of faith, call him Abba Father....the way by which they receive every covenant blessing in time, and by which they have abundant entrance administered to them, into the kingdom of their beloved, the heavenly Canaan, the new Jerusalem, the city of the living God, whose gates shall not be shut at all by day, and there is no night there, but the glory of God doth lighten it, and the lamb is the light thereof. He is the truth, that is his name; he is the faithful witness, God that cannot lie; the fountain of life, the author and giver of eternal life to his people: because he liveth, they shall live also; he is their advocate in the court of heaven; he is one with the Father, and he ever lives to plead their cause; he thoroughly understands the law; he well knows all their malicious accusers, and is capable to answer all their allegations, and triumphantly bring off that poor sinner, who commits his cause, though a bad one, into his hands. Satan says, that soul hath sinned; shall it live? thou hast said, the soul that sinneth it shall die; canst thou be just, O God, and not execute this sentence? but Jesus, our adorable advocate is by; he says, "It is true, that soul hath sinned,

but I have died. Father, behold my hands, my feet, my side: Why was I crowned with thorns on Calvary? Why was I crushed beneath the weight of thy wrath? was it not for that soul that it might not perish? all its iniquities thou hast laid upon me; I have made my soul an offering for its sins; thy justice is satisfied, I have paid his debt....thy law is magnified, I have made it honorable; thou art a just God, therefore pardon and justify that sinner; I have bought him at the price of my blood; I have taken away his filthy garments and clothed him with change of raiment. Father, I will, that he whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that he may behold my glory: the Lord rebuke thee Satan, even the Lord that has chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Thus Satan is disappointed, thus the sinner is saved, and God forever glorified in the Son of his love, whose name is called wonderful counsellor, the everlasting Father, and the prince of peace. He is Jesus, a Saviour! no name so sweet to the ears of a sensible sinner; a name which can bring peace to the distressed conscience, and lay every storm of guilt in the delightful repose of calm serenity: though we are continually wandering from thy fold like lost sheep, still thy Saviour is called Jesus; thou art an everlasting Saviour: this is my beloved, and this is my friend: O ye daughters of Jerusalem, is he not the altogether lovely?

"Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?" Since he is this

all-glorious Saviour; this adorable, superlatively excellent person; tell us, O thou his beloved and bride, whither he is turned aside, where he takes up his abode? that we may seek him with thee, that we may inquire after the knowledge of him, whom to know, is life eternal; that we may partake of his saving benefits, receive out of his abundant fulness, and share those rich blessings he so freely bestows.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies:" God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet; he is ascended into the heaven of heavens, leading captivity captive, having received gifts for sinners, even for the rebellious; he is entered into the holy place, and hath sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high: there he reigneth, there he walketh among his saints in light; those trees of righteousness, who are like green olives, and full of sap; of his own right hand's planting, whose pleasant fruits are sweeter than camphire, with trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices: there he unfolds the bright beams of his glory, and displays the sweet smiles of his face; yet he bows his ear to the cry of his beloved, who hath not yet arrived at that glorious haven of eternal rest, but is still like a ship in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, and contrary winds; he is the pilot; he sitteth at the helm, and will steer her safe to the good port, the heavenly harbor, where she would be. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his

wonderful works to the children of men: my beloved is mine, and I am his, he feedeth among the lilies.

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" who but the beloved, the spouse of Jesus, in whose heart the sun of righteousness is beginning to rise; her light, her excellency and beauty shineth not forth at once, but when the day-spring from on high hath visited her soul, she shineth brighter and brighter, to the perfect day, going from strength to strength, and from glory to glory, till she appear before the God of gods in Zion: she is fair as the moon, for as that receives all its splendor from the sun, so Zion, the perfection of beauty, receives all her loveliness from the fulness of Jesus; and being filled with his grace, shines with bright celestial lustre, in the midst of a dark, benighted world: but though she is bright, adorned with silver rays, she is not altogether a fair orb of light; many, too many dark spots of sin abide in her heart, and appear in her conversation; yet, though fair as the moon, she is clear as the sun, without spot or blemish, or any such thing, being complete in Jesus, made white in the blood of her beloved, and cloathed in the spotless robe of his everlasting, glorious righteousness; she is as blameless, as sinless, as perfectly righteous, as the great God-man, Immanuel, the beloved of God, in whom his soul delighteth, and in whom he is eternally well-pleased, who hath declared that Satan hath no part in him. This her glory, is for ever the same; it neither waxeth nor waneth, nor is subject to change;

but endures to the days of eternity, unsullied, undiminished; brighter than the angels of light, those fair sons of the morning. She is terrible as an army with banners, standing with her loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and having above all, the shield of faith, which is able to quench all the fiery darts of the devil: on her head, the helmet of salvation; in her hand, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always, with all prayer and supplication. Thus armed and prepared for the battle, she follows the great captain of salvation, to a sure and certain victory; she wrestles not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, but looking to Jesus, her strong deliverer, having on the whole armor of God, she fights the good fight of faith, and is more than conqueror, through him who hath loved her; she is terrible as an army with banners; her enemies fall before her, for he that is the mighty God of Jacob, hath promised, no weapon formed against thee shall prosper;" he saith, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteonsness: behold all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded, they shall be as nothing, and they that strive with thee shall perish; thou shalt seek them, and shall not find them, even them that contended with thee; they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of

naught; for I the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, "Fear not, I will help thee, fear not, thou worm Jacob, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the holy one of Israel: behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shall make the hills as chaff; thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them, for all things are possible to him that believeth; and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the holy one of Israel."

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes; O prince's daughter," thou hast dipped thy foot in oil; thy shoes are iron and brass; yea, I have shod thee with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Says Jesus, the Saviour and friend of his church, "It was impossible for thee to walk with me in a state of nature, because it is enmity against me: can two walk together, unless they are agreed? but I have not only slain that enmity by the blood of my cross, but have subdued the power of it in thy heart, bringing home to thy soul that gospel of peace which publisheth salvation, which declares I am reconciled unto thee, by the sacrifice of myself; having communicated to thy heart, my gospel grace, thou art not only able to walk, but run in the ways of my commandments: the dreary waste, through which thou art travelling, abounds with burning sands, rough and uneven places, rugged ways, sufficient to turn thy naked feet out of the way, and to thrust thee down into the bottomless pit of inexpressible perdition; but I have given thee for shoes, the gospel of peace, in

which thou shalt tread on the necks of thine enemies; before it, the rough places shall all become smooth, and every mountain become a plain; safely mayest thou travel through an enemy's land, till thou arrivest on Immanuel's ground; it is an everlasting salvation, shoes that will never wear out."

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree, there thy mother brought thee forth, there she brought thee forth that bear thee."....O my beloved, thou that art journeying from time to eternity, that art flying from Babylon, the city of destruction, to that good land overflowing with wine and oil, even the heavenly Jerusalem, the Mount Sion, the city of the living God: thou art not come to Mount Sinai, that burned with fire, and unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, but thou art come to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new and better covenant, to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel; that cried from the earth for vengeance; this speaketh peace to the distressed conscience, burdened with guilt, afflicted with a sense of sin. Thou art coming up from a desart place, barren of every good thing; a waste, howling wilderness, full of evils, surrounded with enemies: thou art weak and void of strength, in thee is no might at all, but thou leanest on thy beloved, on him that is mighty to save: fear not then, thou worm Jacob, but still repose on thy Saviour's bosom: cast all

thy fears, thy cares and burdens upon me; repose thy confidence in my faithfulness, willingness and ability to save; depend on my word which endureth forever; remember my covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, and standeth eternally fast....Look unto me, and be ye saved, O thou beloved of my soul, for I am the mighty God of Jacob, thy strong deliverer, thy Almighty friend: I raised thee up from that state of spiritual death in which thou wert by nature immersed; I saw thee in that iniquity wherein thou wert born; that state of darkness, blindness, and total depravity; a slave to thy own deceitful heart, led captive by the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience....I saw thee, I beheld thee in this forlorn, detestable, wretched condition: I set my love upon thee from the days of eternity; I looked and there was none to help, and I wondered there was none to uphold; therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; the angel of my presence saved thee; in my love and in my pity, I redeemed thee, and raised thee up in my own appointed time, from the death of sin to a life of righteousness; with a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm, exalting my throne in thine heart, my purchased possession.... set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: thou art graven upon my heart, and upon the palms of my hands: O set me as a seal upon thine, for love is strong as death; yea, my love to thy soul is stronger than death; it hath combated with and overcome that tyrant; it hath drawn his sting, and broken his dart: my love is higher than heaven, and deeper than hell; it is from everlasting and to everlasting; it

hath looked over all difficulties, and esteemed them light, that it might redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies, of those that hated, and were sworn to destroy thee, for the joy that was set before me, even of saving thy soul from death, of rescuing thee out of the jaws of hell, I despised the shame and endured the cross, and am now set down in my heavenly kingdom, expecting to see of the travail of my soul; to divide the spoil with the strong, and be abundantly satisfied with the reward of my labor: my love is stronger than death, my jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame." I am a jealous God, I will not endure a rival in thy heart; I will not divide and give my glory to another; I will not be satisfied with a divided heart; I must have all or none.

Behold, my beloved, what I have done; behold, my beloved, how I have loved thee; how I have suffered and bled for thy sins; I have betrothed thee to myself in everlasting loving-kindnesses, in righteousness, faithfulness and truth. Canst thou, O canst thou forget thy Saviour; him who hath been a husband unto thee, and place thine affections on any thing else? I know thou canst, thy heart is fickle, light and inconstant as the waves of the sea; but I will not have it so; I am a jealous God, I will hide the light of my countenance from thee; I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that thou shalt not find thy paths: though thou go after many lovers, thou shalt not overtake them, for they would lead thee to the pit of destruction: though thou dost

run away from me, thy friend and Saviour, yet my goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life, and bring thee back to my feet, though with broken bones and aching heart; for thou shalt find it a bitter thing to depart from the Lord thy God; yet, I will allure thee and bring thee into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto thee; for how shall I give thee up Ephraim, how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? my heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together: I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger; I will not return to destroy Ephraim, for I am God and not man, the holy one of Israel, in the midst of thee.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;" so vast, so strong, so immense is my love to thee, ungrateful, unkind, and prone to backslide as thou art, that neither earth nor hell can decrease or queuch it; not all the affronts thy foolish heart is continually putting upon it, can prevent its infolding thee still in its everlasting arms: not all the floods of thine iniquities, which, wave after wave, are continually arising, put a damp on that bright eternal flame, which burns, and shall burn for ever; it shall never go out, it shall never decay, but uninterruptedly continue the same; in thy joy, in thy sorrow, in thy life and death, during the utmost period of time, and throughout the infinite space of an ever advancing, never ending eternity; when thou shalt be swallowed up in that vast ocean of love divine which knows no shore, and shall be able to comprehend what is the

breadth and length, the depth and height of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge; being filled with all the fulness of God; for I am love, my nature and my name is love...."

"Thou that dwellest in thy gardens, thy companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it," thou king of saints, and Lord of life and glory; thou good shepherd of Israel, the keeper thereof, who never slumbers, never sleeps; whose watchful eyes are continually upon me for good....Thou that dwellest in the gardens, those blissful seats of everlasting peace, where spotless purity and perfect love for ever reign: those upper chambers, those heavenly mansions, where the cherubic legions bow before thee, and all the dazzling choirs of seraphim unite to chaunt thine everlasting praise....where all the white robed saints, my elder brethren, receive that crown, that palm of victory which thou hast purchased, which thou hast promised, in that copy of the heavenly records, which thou hast handed down to earth: they listen to thy voice with delight; it fills their souls with extatic transport, for the heaven of heavens is in communion with thee; thou dwellest also in thy garden below, even in the hearts of thy ransomed ones: there thou walkest, there thou takest up thine abode. O cause me to hear thy voice, unstop my deaf ears, that I may hear the voice of Jesus, my beloved, speaking in his word, speaking to my soul by the secret influence of his eternal Spirit, saying, "I have loved thee, I have laid down my life for thee: I am given for the covenant of the people: this is the way, walk ye in it."

Incline my ears, incline my heart, O thou God of grace, to listen with the most divine attention, to the soft, gentle whisper of my Saviour's voice, that I may fall at thy feet in the obedience of faith, filled with wonder, love and praise, till time shall be exchanged for eternity, earth for heaven, and all the anxieties of this valley of tears, for the full fruition of eternal blessedness; when I shall put off this polluted garment of mortality, and be conveyed on the wings of ministering spirits, to the bosom of my God, leaving my sins, sorrows, and fears behind, for ever....

O then make haste my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of spices: why are thy chariot wheels so long a coming? Make no long tarrying, O my God, but quickly bow thine heavens and come down; speed away the moments on their swiftest wings, and hasten that blessed, that delightful period when the great angel of the covenant, who standeth on the earth and on the sea, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no longer.

How long wilt thou delay, O Saviour of sinners? how long shall thy forlorn bride mourn in the wilderness? rise, O thou bright eternal sun of righteousness; disperse the dark shadows of night, and hasten the dawning of that eternal day, when the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, the earth depart forever, when thy redeemed shall lift up their heads with joy, knowing their complete redemption draweth nigh; all that have thy new name engraven on their fore-

heads shall meet thee in the air with songs of triumph, saying, "This is our God, we have waited for him; this is our beloved, our redeemer and friend:" then shall the ransomed of the Lord return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away forever.

O quickly let thy chariot wheels appear,
Darting bright beams of glory thro' the air;
Bid the archangel sound, bid worlds draw nigh,
To meet the awful judge enthron'd on high:
And while confusion, wrath and woe are hurl'd
With dreadful uproar, on a guilty world,
Thou wilt unfold the glories of thy face,
In full meridian on thy chosen race;
They shall with joy behold, with joy confess
Their Saviour-God, the Lord their righteousness!
And full of thee, forever shall remain,
Live in thy life, and in thy glory reign:
With loving heart and grateful voice shall raise
A tuneful chorus of seraphic lays,
Eternal anthems of eternal praise,
Thro' the wide arches of the courts above,
While all their theme and all their bliss is love.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

WHITHER shall I go, but unto thee, O Lord? thou hast the words of eternal life, thou art life, and in thee it is I live and move, and have my being; I am a poor stranger in this world, and a traveller as all my fathers were, journeying from time to eternity, from this vale of tears, this region of sin and sorrow, to the heavenly Jerusalem, the Mount Sion, the city of the living God, whither my great forerunner is already entered, even Jesus, to prepare a place for me: that is my rest, there my treasures are laid up, there I shall behold my Father's face without a cloud; there all tears shall be wiped from my eyes; I shall no more hang my harp on the willows, but forever join the harmonic chorus of uninterrupted hallelujahs, singing the songs of Moses and the lamb, with those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb, and therefore are before the throne forever. But I am not yet called home to my Father's house: I am a poor exile, passing through a wilderness in my way to glory; I must be tried in the furnace of affliction before I come out bright gold; but when I walk through the fire, I have the word of an unchangeable God that he will be with me, and when I pass through the waters he hath promised they shall not overflow me; therefore, I may

boldly press on, for though hosts of foes will rise against me; by the strength of my God, I shall leap over them all; for though storms may roar and tempests blow, yet Jesus my God is mightier far than they; when he says, "peace be still!" they shall all be hushed into a calm.

While I am in the world, I am beset with enemies, enemies on all sides, within and without; within a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; a heart in league with hell, to stop me in my heavenly race; prone to wander from the God of love; a heart which is by nature the sink of sin, ready every moment to betray me into the hands of my spiritual enemies, this is my nearest and greatest foe; and when I should soar on the wings of faith and love, far above the things which are seen and are temporal, to those which are unseen and eternal, this weighs me down, this keeps me grovelling in the dust, and will do so, more or less, till the chain is broke, the bond dissolved, and my fettered soul set at liberty; then I shall fly away upborne on angels' wings to my heavenly home, and leave sin and mortality behind forever: but that time is not yet come, I am yet in the body waiting for the hour when Jesus shall say, "Come up hither:" till then, I remain in an howling wilderness full of burning sand, beasts of prey and fiery flying serpents. The world is a subtile enchantress, she lays her snares on every side to catch the unwary traveller's feet, and we not only fight with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world; with spiritual

wickednesses in high places. O, who shall deliver my soul from all this host of foes? I am but a worm, I have no might, my strength is perfect weakness; but the Lord ruleth on high, Jesus reigns, he is the king of Israel and the Saviour thereof. Rejoice then ye citizens of Zion, in the recollection of this truth, Jesus is King of kings, and Lord of lords; all power is in his hand, he reigns in and over our hearts, by the golden sceptre of his grace; he ruleth over the world by his providential empire, and he reigneth over the devils with a rod of iron; he hath ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, and he shall reign till all things are put under his feet.

But I am not only surrounded with enemies, while passing through the valley of the shadow of death; I am altogether an unclean thing, and all my righteousnesses are as filthy rags; born in sin, and by nature corrupted, all I do is defiled with sin; I am a leper, unclean throughout, and God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, he hath declared he will by no means clear the guilty: to whom should I turn? to whom should I go? Lord thou hast the words of eternal life; Jesus is a priest upon his throne, a great high-priest, who is entered into the holy place, not made with hands; who himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree, and by that oblation of himself once offered, hath forever perfected them that are sanctified, being himself at once the sacrifice and sacrificer, and the offended Jehovah, to whom he made the atonement: for God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself....these are mysteries the world receiveth not.

To thee then I come, O my compassionate high-priest, to be washed in that fountain, which thou hast opened for sin and for all uncleanness; from thy heart, thy hands, and thy feet, flowed blood and water, to cleanse and to redeem: wash me in that precious flood, O thou Saviour of sinners, and I shall be clean. Come hither, O ye wounded souls; ye that are pricked to the heart, that are crying out your wounds are incurable; behold your priest, behold your sacrifice; behold the lamb of God that takes your sins away: he hath given his life a ransom for many, and there is balm in Gilead, there is a kind physician there: behold him by faith; he spreads his pierced hands to receive you, your names are engraven on the palms of his hands, and he will bid you go in peace. He now appears before the throne, as a lamb newly slain, and he ever lives to make intercession for us.

Sin hath blinded our eyes, hath stopped our ears, and shut up our hearts in more than Egyptian darkness; Lord, I am as a brute beast before thee, I know not the ways of God, nor the way in which I should walk: I am by nature intirely immersed in blindness and ignorance; to what teacher should I go, but to thee, thou great prophet of thy church? thou art the wisdom of God; thou art made unto us wisdom, and it is thy office to open the eyes of the blind, to unstop the deaf ears, to teach thy people by thy Spirit, all truth, and to make fools wise unto salvation. Listen then, my soul, to thy heavenly teacher; hear him in his word, directing thy feet into the way of peace.

Hear him say, "This is the way, walk ye in it; go not after thine own will, but follow the lamb whithersoever he goeth, and he will lead thee to the good land, the heavenly Canaan, where thou shalt be satisfied with the blessings of his kingdom; and though the way may lay through many a dark path, Jesus will be thy light and defence, thy sun, and thy shield; the sun of righteousness will rise upon thee, with healing underneath his blessed wings; will shed his divinest influence upon thee, direct thee by his wisdom, guide thee by his eye, lay his everlasting arms underneath thee, and be thy God, and thy Saviour in time and eternity. When thou, poor silly sheep, wanderest from the fold, the good shepherd will keep his eye upon thee, he will not suffer the wolf to devour thee; but by the chastisement of his rod will bring thee back; when thou art weary and faint in thy mind, thy all-skilful physician will make thee whole; he will heal all thy backslidings, and love thee freely; for with him there is no variableness, neither shadow of changing. Rejoice then, O my soul, and ye saints of God, rejoice in that Jehovah Jesus, who is the Alpha and Omega; if he is our king, none can hurt us; if he is our priest, he will save us; if he is our prophet, he will guide us right, for he is called wonderful, counsellor. We, indeed are poor and blind, naked and miserable in ourselves, but Jesus is made unto us, of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption: if we are nothing, he is all.

Now to him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and

priests unto God, be honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise, from all the inhabitants of heaven, and redeemed saints upon earth, henceforth and forever.... Amen, and Amen.

A

SUMMER DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAREWELL ye horrors of winter; ye have fled to your bleak habitation in the north; and even gentle spring with all her "vernal airs," have taken flight: summer, rosy summer, triumphs in her turn, and spreads verdure, health and festivity through the vegetable, animal and rational worlds.

Come, my Miranda, friend of my heart, let us walk forth with the early dawn; let us contemplate the dew drops that shine upon the grass, those bright diamonds of the morning; let us admire the rising sun, while he permits us to behold his glories; ere long his rays will be too powerful, and his splendors too refulgent for us to bear: but now the air is balmy, cool, and delightful, we may lift up our eyes, and behold the wonders of the heavens....See the eastern clouds glow with most magnificent colors, azure, purple and gold: Phœbus has just mounted his flaming car, Aurora flies before him, and the hours in dance, follow in his train; and are they silent? Is the progress of the bright, imperial king of day uncelebrated with celestial song? No, methinks I hear the music

of the spheres....Listen, my Miranda, listen O my soul, for meditation has an ear can catch the most distant sound; softly wafted on gentle echo's wing it comes.

Fly, shadows fly, bright Sol appears,
Obtrusive darkness, haste away;
His flowing robe of light he wears,
And pours around a flood of day.

Rejoice ye grove-crown'd hills rejoice,
Ye humbler vallies laugh and sing;
Let universal nature's voice
Raise the loud triumphs of her king.

God of the sun, his brightest rays
Sink into night, compar'd with thine;
In his refulgent noontide blaze,
The glimm'rings of thy glories shine.

Yes, O sun! bright and glorious as thou art, how infinitely brighter, how inconceivably more glorious must he be, who called thee into being by his word, created and upholds thee by his power, and from whom, as the great fountain of light, thou receivest all thy splendors. And who is this infinite being, this glorious God, but the Lord Jesus Christ? Col. i. 16. For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers, all things were created by and for him. Yes, O my soul, he that created the heavens and formed the

earth, is no other than the great God thy Saviour! how sweet, how delightful a reflection; the Creator and preserver of all the grand and noble objects around me, became a babe at Bethlehem, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, for me....lived for me, died for me! O how grand, how noble, how sufficient and infinite must that atonement, that righteousness and intercession be, which is the work of no less a person than the author of universal nature: Is his work of creation perfect? so is his grand work of redemption. Yes, my soul, his works are all perfect, all complete, and thou art complete in him, Col. ii. 10.

How cheerful, my dear Miranda, appears the face of nature; a little while ago it was covered with the shades of night; all was silent and solemn; but now the rising sun has dissipated the gloom, the fields look gay, the flowers open to drink in the dew and the first gales of the morning, while the little feathered warblers of the grove are sending up a sweet song to their great Creator and benefactor, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. And O how cheerful is the believer in Jesus, when after a long night of sorrow, the sun of righteousness rises upon him with healing in his wings, heals his sorrows, speaks peace to his soul, discovers some of the glories of his person and offices, and gives the soul to see and enjoy a little of the wonders of redeeming grace and dying love: how sweet, how inexpressibly sweet is such a transition? then the believer experiences the truth of the psalmist's assertion, "sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Now blooms the rose, now the noble lily rears its stately head; the garden puts on its most lovely appearance, and emits its most fragrant perfumes; while the fields look gay, though clad with more artless attire; there the yellow butter-flower, the humble daisy, the sweet smelling violet and spiral sorrel, mingling with the tender grass, form a delicate carpet of the most varied colors....and the softly breathing zephyr, carries on his gentle wings far and wide, the healthful and pleasing effluvia of the new made hay. How delightful and wide extended is the prospect around us; the meadows are covered with flocks; here are sheep feeding in green pastures, while the playful lambs are frisking hither and thither, and the contented shepherd sitting under yon lofty oak, diverts himself with his pipe, enjoys the beauteous scene, unenvious of the pomp and magnificence of the great. On the other hand, see that vast ridge of hills that rises as it were half way to heaven, and forbids our sight to penetrate any farther: how sublimely majestic they appear. O! my Miranda, who would not leave the confinement and confusion of the city, for the calm delights of so sweet a retirement, and to contemplate the beauties of such a prospect as this; and yet how far more noble a prospect, how infinitely more grand a scene does the believer in Jesus behold, when he is enabled to view by faith, Immanuel's land, the the kingdom of grace and glory, where his inheritance is. "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," 1 Cor. iii. 21, 23.

Here are heights and depths of salvation; lengths and breadths of astonishing grace: and all this our own; yes, my friend, it was for us and all the heirs of glory that the heavens and the earth were created; it is for us they are still continued; for us the sun shines, the rains descend, the dews distil; for us the earth is crowned with fruitfulness and fragrance: the wicked partake of the bounties of providence, but they are not the proprietors of them. This world is a grand school, erected by the omnipotent God, in which he chuses to educate his children, and when their education is complete, he will present them to himself, a glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing; and then he will pull down the school as a useless place: then sun, moon, and stars shall be swept away, and all the wonders of the first creation sink into nothing to make room for the superior glories of the second; that brighter, better world, where the sun of righteousness shall shine in his meridian splendor, and to which the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come with singing and everlasting joy upon their heads.

Upon what swift pinions doth time fly! already hath the sun entered the zenith: all nature seems to faint under his scorching beams; the flowers droop, the cattle take refuge under the wide spread shadow of the oak, the elm or the walnut tree. Come, my Miranda, let us retire to yonder rural bower; it is composed of laurel and bay, it is ornamented with jessamine and honeysuckles; O how sweet, how delightful a retirement. The robin has come hither be-

fore us; see he sits on yonder bough and whistles forth his joy. Here let us sit down and recollect for a moment, that if this retreat from the sultry beams of noon is so welcome, so desirable, so refreshing to our wearied bodies and fatigued spirits, how precious, how inexpressibly precious must the Lord Jesus Christ be to that soul, who when fainting under the fiery temptations of Satan, the scorching heat of persecution and overwhelming afflictions is brought to sit down under his shadow; for one of the glorious characters he sustains, is that of a shadow from the heat, Isaiah xxv. 4. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The Lord Jesus may be compared to a rock, because of his immutability, and everlasting strength; and to a great rock, because he is the great God. "Tell me," says the spouse in the Canticles, "tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest? where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?" the good shepherd leads his flock to green pastures; he feeds them under his own shadow, and upon the finest of the wheat; his everlasting love, his exceeding great and precious promises, his unchangeable veracity, his all-sufficient power, the riches of his grace, the infinite merit of his life and death, his covenant and oath. O my dear friend, are not these some of the branches of that glorious apple-tree, under whose shadow you and I have oft-times sat down with great delight? are not these some of the rich fruit upon which we have fed, when the king has taken us into his banquetting house, and made his banner over us to be love? These are soft

resting places, quiet and secure resting places; the apostle Paul found them so, and therefore could say, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," 2 Tim. i. 12. It was a sultry noon of persecution with Paul, when he wrote these words; but, notwithstanding, he could sweetly rest in peace, under the shadow of an Almighty Saviour.

What gradual advances doth Phœbus make in his diurnal journey? he doth not burst upon us with a flood of light and heat, out of the womb of midnight darkness, but arises upon our world by gentle degrees, till at length he arrives at his zenith; then he blazes forth in his full refulgence; and not only the corn is ripened, the fruit matured, but his piercing rays penetrate to the deepest recesses of the earth, and shed their influences upon the most solid rock, to form the diamond, to bid the ruby glow, and to adorn the emerald, the amythist, and the pearl with all their varied beauties. Thus gradual, thus progressive were the dicoveries of the Lord Jesus Christ, and his great salvation, made to a lost, fallen world; the sun of righteousness did not arise at once, his first rising beams shone but faintly, the great designs of Jehovah were revealed at first in dark sayings, mystical ceremonies, types so enveloped with clouds that nothing but the eye of faith could penetrate them; then brighter, and still brighter displays of sovereign grace and mercy in the person of Christ, were given by the divinely inspired lips of the prophets; and in the ap-

pointed time, the sun of righteousness shone forth in his meridian splendor, "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory," 1 Tim. iii. 16. In this gradual manner also, does the Lord Jesus carry on his work in the hearts of his people; the holy Spirit sheds a little of his divine light on their dark understandings, and the night of nature is, in a measure, dissipated; but they perceive spiritual objects in a very imperfect manner, like the man whose eyes, when once touched by the hand of Christ, saw men as trees walking; but the sun of righteousness shines with brighter and brighter beams, and they see more and more of his beauty and excellence; their faith is strengthened, their hope is confirmed, their hearts glow with stronger beams of divine love; they become more and more acquainted with their own vileness, wretchedness, and helplessness, and thus they go from one degree of grace to another, from strength to strength, till they appear before the Lord in Zion. "The path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

What little dependence is to be placed on the weather; how very uncertain is all created good; see, my Miranda, the sun has hid his radiant head; the clouds gather, they appear dark and gloomy, and threaten a shower. Well, it will be a welcome refreshment to the gardens, the fields will smell more aromatic; see! it comes already; in what gentle drops it falls; there are no thunders to alarm, no vivid light-

nings to terrify us; it is not attended with a storm, it does not descend in a rapid torrent; no, it is a mild pacific shower, the clouds drop fatness; it will revive and invigorate all nature: so when the clouds of affliction gather around the christian, there is no real cause for him to be terrified and affrighted, there is no storm of divine wrath to overwhelm him, no thunders of Sinai, no curses of a fiery law to consume him; they are quenched in the precious blood of Jesus: thy darkest cloud, O believer, will produce nothing but the gentle chastisement of a Father's hand; it will drop fatness on thy paths, humble thy spirit, soften thy hard heart, and in due time bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness: then shall thy sun again shine forth; and till he does, wait patiently for him, and remember that he abideth faithful, he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

The rain is over, the clouds break off, the blue heavens again appear in their etherial beauty and elegance; again the sun sends forth his golden beams to drink up the residue of the late fallen shower, but he shines in milder beams, abated splendor; in the calm hour of morn he crowned the eastern clouds with gold and purple, but now he illuminates the western hemisphere with his glories, and instead of the sultry blaze of noon, presents us with the cool delights, the refreshing breezes of the sober evening. Welcome, "sweet hour of prime," thou art sacred to meditation, devotion and the Muses: thus peaceful, thus serenely calm is the conscience sprinkled with the blood of Jesus: but hark, my Miranda, friend of my

heart, did I not hear the cuckoo's cheerful note? yes, yonder he sits perched on that tall fir, and repeats, and again repeats his pleasing tale: wherever he is, he has but one theme to record, and though he constantly pays us a visit with every returning May, yet his story is always the same, his song never varies. Will not this remind us, my dear Miranda, that the joyful sound of the glorious gospel in all ages, in all climates is constantly, unalterably, invariably the same? The Lord Jesus Christ is its grand theme; he is the illustrious object it incessantly displays. God the Father presents him to our view and says, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him," Matt. xvii. 5. The holy Spirit leads the repenting sinner to none but Jesus, as the great author and finisher of salvation; "He shall glorify me," says the Saviour, "for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you," John xvi. 14. "He shall testify of me," ibid. xv. 26. The Lord Jesus is the grand subject of the scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament: "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me," John v. 39. "To him all the prophets witness," Acts x. 43. And the apostle of the lamb had nothing else to preach or write of, but the sovereign love, free grace, and rich, abundant mercy of a triune Jehovah, as manifested in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, the prophet, the priest, the king, the wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption of his people. O, my Miranda, if this joyful sound has reached our ears, has penetrated our hearts, has filled our souls with triumph; this will be, yes,

and this is our language, God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; I am determined to know nothing among you, O ye sons and daughters of this world, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

The shadows of evening are lengthening apace, and warn us of the approach of night; the moon is rising in cloudless majesty. Come, my dear friend, let us return to our habitation; how short is the longest day: thus when in the evening of life, the night of death approaches, may it find my dear Miranda and her friend, thus fearless, thus calm and peaceful: yes, O thou gloomy tyrant of the grave, we shall triumph over thee; Jesus our all-conquering God and Saviour hath taken away thy sting, and he is gone as our great forerunner to prepare us an habitation among the blessed; he hath given us an inheritance among the saints in light; there our sun shall no more go down, neither shall our moon withdraw itself; there the Lord shall be unto us an everlasting light, and our God our glory; there we shall enjoy an eternal summer, and employ our golden harps through endless ages in celebrating the God of our salvation, to whom, we would join with angels and archangels, and all the ransomed throng, in ascribing glory and praise forever, Amen.

A

MEDITATION FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

See, O my soul, thy condescending Saviour has spread a table for thee in the midst of this howling wilderness....thy great Melchisedek brings fort bread and wine to regale thee, and this is the language of his heart, "Eat, O my friend, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved, and as often as thou doest this, do it in remembrance of me." My Saviour, my Lord and my God, I would fain obey thy gracious command, I would fain remember thee; but ah! thou knowest the stupidity of my heart, how apt it is to forget thee; Lord, it is dead, O breathe upon it the breath of life; it is insensible, O quicken it by the Almighty agency of thy good Spirit; lead me to Gethsemane; lead me to Calvary; there open to my view the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of thine inexpressible, inconceivable love; there let me sit at thy feet, O thou whom my soul loveth, and remember with unutterable joy, with heart-felt delight, with the deepest contrition and humiliation, let me remember that I have redemption in the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of my sins.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" Lord, I remember thee; thou art the mighty God, the everlasting father, the prince of peace; thou art the self-existent Jehovah; the God whom angels and arch-angels adore; they bow at thy footstool, they fly at thy bidding; universal nature depends upon thee, thou art the Creator and preserver of all things; thou art my God; I fall at thy feet, and remember with astonishment, that thou hast so loved me, as to become for my sake a man, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief! I see thee born in a stable, laid in a manger, grown up to a mature age in poverty and obscurity, under the deep disguise of a carpenter's son. O ye angels of God, ye bright etherial sons of the morning, how did your seraphic bosoms swell with astonishment, for ye beheld him, ye acknowledged him for your sovereign, though the world knew him not.

I see thee, O Immanuel, my king and my God, prostrate in Gethsemane: there I remember thy soul was sorrowful, sorrowful even unto death: I see thee silent at Pilate's bar, and groaning out thy spirit upon Calvary's cross; and I remember, that in all this, thou stoodest forth as my faithful surety and bondsman, bound by thy own solemn engagement to pay to divine justice the infinite debt I had contracted; and now I see thee inviolably faithful to thy covenant, clearing off my long arrears, with groans, with blood, with agony, and death. Lord, I remember thy dying love, and blush that I have ever forgot it....be ashamed, O my soul, that thou art so little mindful of thy Sa-

viour; be ashamed that thou canst think of any thing else but him. O thou bleeding lover of my soul, I am amazed and confounded, I am covered with self-abasement, at the vileness, the base ingratitude, and stupidity of my heart, which, after all thou hast done, after all thou hast suffered, is so awfully prone to wander from and forget thee, the fountain of all blessedness. Thou hast set me as a seal upon thy heart; thou hast graven me upon the palms of thine hands; and though thou art exalted upon a throne of glory, yet thou wilt not for a moment forget me; thy watchful eye is continually upon me for good; thine ear is continually open to my prayer, and thine hand is every moment stretched out to bless me; thy heart is now glowing with the same ineffable, unbounded love to me, which constrained thee to die for my sake; all the waters of my ingratitude, all the floods of my forgetfulness of thee, has not been able to quench that infinite flame. O my God, here is my happiness, thou wilt, thou dost love me still: surely then thou deservest all the affections of my soul. Thou sayest, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." O take it, by the omnipotent power of thy Holy Spirit; set thyself as a seal upon my heart; I would offer it as a thank offering unto thee, do thou bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar, by the silken cords of love divine; stamp thy own holy image upon this ungrateful, forgetful heart; and as thou dost pardon its vileness and baseness, O hold it so fast in thine Almighty hand, that it may never wander from, never forget thee more, thou God of my salvation.

Midst the solemn shades of night,
Let my soul remember thee ;
Midst the noontide blaze of light,
Thou, my sun, shine bright on me :
Ever present be thy grace,
Be thy power ever nigh ;
Till I see thy smiling face,
In the realms above the sky.

A

MEDITATION ON REV. XII. 6.

"*And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there, a thousand two hundred and threescore days.*"

THE church of Christ, his mystical body, those whom he loved in eternity, redeemed in time, calls by his Spirit to the knowledge of themselves, and of him, whom to know, is life eternal, and finally brings to his kingdom and glory....This elect church of God, we find in the scriptures of truth, described under various characters, typified by various things, but all significant, either of what it is in itself, or of what it is in its glorious head; thus, it is sometimes called a worm, a vine, an helpless infant, descriptive of its weakness, imbecility and want of support; for what is more despicable and weak than a worm? what stands in more need of support than a vine? and what is more incapable of helping itself than a new-born infant?.... we know it is totally void of the power of defence, and of every means of providing for its own subsistence: and so, in a spritual sense, is the church of God totally weak, void of power, and without strength, and utterly unable to provide for itself, stand against

any of its numerous enemies, or extricate itself out of the many dangerous and disagreeable situations it is often, very often brought into. On the other hand, "I have compared thee, O my love," says the Lord, by the mouth of an inspired penman, "to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot." Now we know that horses are creatures possessed of a very large portion of strength, and were they capable of knowing their own strength, there remains a doubt, whether or no they would be subject to man: but the church is weak, and in itself without strength; therefore, this character of horses, can only relate to them as they are considered in Jesus; for in the Lord Jehovah, they have not only righteousness, but also strength; strength to conquer sin, strength to conquer devils, and strength to conquer death, their last enemy; for all the strength and power of a triune God, an omnipotent Jehovah, is engaged on their side, to fight their battles for them, to tread their spiritual enemies under their feet, to give them the victory, and make them finally more than conquerors over all that rise against them; and were they but more sensible of this; could they, when feeling their own insufficiency, behold and rely on that Almighty arm, that infinite strength, and everlasting power, which is engaged by covenant, by promise, and by oath, to be exercised for them;....had they but full views of this, they would never be subject to sinking fears, and evil questioning, dark surmises, and unbelieving doubts, which often arise in their hearts, and sometimes hold their troubled spirits in bondage, under the gloomy apprehension of being finally overcome by their enemies, and snatched from

the arms and torn from the bosom of him, who hath sworn never to let them go: no, they would rather cry out with the psalmist, "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? when the wicked, even my enemies and foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell; though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should arise against me, in this will I be confident, the Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge:" and add with the apostle, "if God be for us, who can be against us? who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us; for I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Thus we find, that the church in scripture is described under various figures, and perhaps out of many more instances that might be brought, none are more strikingly beautiful, more picturesque, or fuller of divine consolation to the church in general, and every individual member in particular, than the text I would desire, under the divine influences of the Lord the Spirit, now to contemplate; for as he is the author of these lively oracles, he must be also the revealer of them to our hearts, or we shall see no beauty in them, and consequently receive no divine consolation, no

heavenly blessings from them. Come then, O thou divine paraclete, and with thy light illuminate my darkness, with thy fire warm my cold heart, with thine unerring hand direct my pen into the paths of sacred truth, because thou hast engaged to be an instructor to the ignorant, a teacher of babes...." And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there, a thousand two hundred and threescore days."

If we attend to the origin of woman, we find that she received her life and being from the side of man; "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and he slept, and he took out one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof, and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her to the man; and Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man," Gen. ii. 21, 22, 23. Analogous to this, the church may very properly be called a woman; for as Eve received life from the side of Adam, so the church receives her spiritual, divine, eternal life, from the side of her dying Christ, the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. The Lord God put Adam into a deep sleep, while he took from him the rib of which he created him a wife, and Jesus was fast locked in the arms of death, when his side was pierced, from whence flowed that precious fountain of atoning blood, which purchased him a bride, and streams of water, significant of that holy Spirit, which should convey to his church that life, and those blessings he had purchased for her.

When Eve was created, Adam awaked from his profound slumber; and so, when the great work of redemption was completed, when the justice of God was fully satisfied, his law gloriously magnified, sin made an end of, transgression finished, and everlasting righteousness brought in for the church, the lamb's wife; then the Almighty conqueror, the victorious Saviour burst the bars of death, snapped asunder the power of the grave and rose triumphant, to reap the fruits of his pains, to receive the reward of his labour, and see of the travail of his soul, and be abundantly satisfied.

The Lord God having made the woman, brought her unto the man: she did not come to him of herself, and being brought unto him by God, Adam received her joyfully, with all the marks of the most tender affection, acknowledging her to be bone of his bones, and flesh of his flesh, and called her woman, because she was taken out of man; so the church of Christ, the purchase of his blood, though she has cost him dear, and stands under infinite obligations to him, comes not to him of her own accord, but is brought unto him by God. "No man cometh unto me," says the Saviour, "except the Father draw him." We do not read that Eve had any objection to coming to Adam, but the church has numberless objections to coming to Christ; her understanding is darkened, she does not see her need of him, her will is depraved, she is positively determined never to come to him, and her affections are so alienated from him, that she hates him, desires not his presence, seeks not his love; but

every thing that is contrary to him, that she loves, that she seeks, and pursues with delight and greediness; she is in no concern about his displeasure, she fears not his wrath, but she wraps herself up in a false security, and vainly imagines that she has made a covenant with death, and with hell is at agreement: she thinks herself safe, though her refuge is a refuge of lies; and says in the pride and deceit of her heart, "When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come nigh me; I set a queen, and shall never see evil." This is her miserable situation by nature, and while it is so, alas, there is little appearance of her coming to Christ: but what is to be done in this case? why, the promise is, "All that the Father giveth me, shall come unto me." The Father therefore draws her to the Son, that she may be betrothed unto him in righteousness, faithfulness and truth, and that forever: he sees the pride of her heart, and the iron sinew that is in her neck, and has determined that it shall be no prevention to his bringing about, and fully accomplishing his gracious designs towards her. He therefore declares, "Because ye have said, we have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us, for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves: therefore, thus saith the Lord God, "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place,

and your covenant with death shall be disanulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand ; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, ye shall be trodden down by it ; from the time that it goeth forth it shall take you ; for morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night ; and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report ; for the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it ; for the Lord shall rise up as in Mount Perazim ; he shall be wrath as in the valley of Gibeon, that he may do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act," Isa. xxviii. 16, 24.

This is the way God the father brings the church to Christ; she is proud and stout hearted, and fortified with all the armour that Satan can put upon her, but the Lord God knows how to humble her pride, to break her stout heart, and to take away all the false props in which she trusted....he has laid a sure foundation for her everlasting happiness, and he will place her upon it, in spite of all that hell and she can do against it ; to this end he arrests her by his Spirit, apprehends her by his powerful grace, and convinces her of sin, brings her conscience to the bar of his justice, and obliges her to plead guilty ; and though she may perhaps endeavor to hide herself under the lying refuge of a righteousness of her own, yet he will hunt her out of this false covert; the hail, the storm, shall sweep it away ; he will lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and convince her that she is not only a sinner by actual transgression, but that the

fountain is corrupt, that her heart is depraved, that her nature is not only dead, but opposite to God, and that God's holy, righteous law has passed the sentence of condemnation upon her: he will lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet; he will convince her of the spiritual nature of the law; how holy, how perfect, how righteous it is: she will find it not only condemns her nature and evil practice, but when she bring her best things unto it, her refuge of lies, in which she trusted, and which she called righteousness; when she sees this weighed in the awful balance of the sanctuary, and finds it found wanting; lighter than air, and altogether vanity; a shadow without any substance, a phantasm without any reality; finds it is sin, altogether sin, and as such, the law of God condemns it; as such, it stinks in the nostrils of the infinitely holy Jehovah, who casts it from his presence as a polluted garment, and esteems it but filthy rags. When she sees and feels this, she is ready to cry out, in the anguish of her heart, "Woe is me, for I am undone;" and why so? even because the hail hath swept away her refuge of lies, and the overflowing storm destroyed her hiding-place; she finds that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven, against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men; and alas, she feels that she is nothing but an unrighteous sinner; and this humbles her haughty heart, this bows her stubborn will, and makes her glad to come weary and heavy laden to Jesus Christ, for life and salvation. Thus the Lord accomplishes his strange work, his wonderful work, his omipotent work, the conversion of a sinner, the bringing a ruined

soul, a ruined church, to a crucified Saviour; and never did Adam receive his new created Eve, with that joy, that heartfelt delight and complacency, that Jesus Christ receives the poor, ill, and hell deserving sinner, that comes to him by faith; being drawn by the father unto him, he acknowledges him for his own. He says, "Thou art the purchase of my blood; I loved thee in eternity, I laid down my life for thy ransom; for thee I labored, bearing the contradiction of sinners: I stood in thy place, and fulfilled all righteousness for thee, in order that I might wipe the tears of sorrow from thine eyes; I sweated blood; my soul was sorrowful, sorrowful even unto death, and I never left off toiling, and suffering for thee, till I bowed my head on the cross, and had finished thy salvation. Behold then, how I loved thee! come and look into my heart that was pierced for thee, and behold thy name engraven there, in characters never to be erased; yea, thy name is engraven upon the palms of my hands, and thy walls are continually before me."

Thus the church may very properly be compared to a woman, because of the analogy there is betwixt it and the first woman, the mother of all living; and as Eve was the beloved spouse of Adam, so is the church, of Christ: he has declared he is "married unto her," Jer. iii. 14. And says in another place, "Thy maker is thine husband, the Lord of hosts is his name," Isa. liv. 5. "And (says the apostle) we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," Eph. v. 30; but the husband is in heaven, and the wife upon earth; the bridegroom is in a palace, and

the bride in the wilderness: "For," saith the text, "the woman fled into the wilderness." Now a wilderness is remarkable for two things; first, there is nothing in it that is profitable or delightful; but every thing that is frightful, dangerous, and distressing: there are no overshadowing branches to screen the fainting traveller from the scorching heat of the meridian sun, no cooling streams to allay his thirst, and afford him some kind refreshment; no beds of roses, no vernal bowers to rest his weary limbs, when fatigued with his journey; no delicious fare to abate his hunger, recruit his spirits, or increase his strength....nothing but burning sands and fiery serpents, howling winds and barren wilds, or only fruitful in producing briars and thorns, which prick his feet, and retard his pace, and make him cry out, "O that I had wings like a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest." Or, in the language of an inspired apostle, "O wretched man that I am!"....Such a wilderness is this world, though it is full of beauty, crowned with verdure, and adorned by the hand of its infinite Creator, with every thing that can accommodate and supply our bodies, yet it is void of every thing which is spiritually profitable; there is nothing in it which can satisfy the vast desires of an immortal soul; nothing which can comfort, support, or console the mind of the pilgrim, who is journeying through it, from time to eternity, from earth to heaven: no, he finds it a barren desart, void of every thing that is substantially and abidingly good; but it is filled with every thing that can hurt and annoy him; snares, and nets, and gins, are continually laid for his feet; briars and thorns are often besetting him

round, and hedging up his way, that he cannot go forward; besides, it is infested with beasts of prey; the roaring lion of hell wanders up and down therein, seeking whom he may devour; and happy, happy, yea, thrice happy is he who escapes his ravenous jaws: burning sands of fierce temptation, blustering winds and rushing storms oft-times surprise him; so that sometimes his day is turned into night, his joy into sorrow, and his very heart thrills with fear, lest he should lose his way, perish in the wilderness, and never reach the good land, the heavenly Canaan he is seeking.

This is the wilderness in which the church of God is scattered; but, blessed be God, though she is in a wilderness, she is not alone; that were a dismal situation truly, for were she alone in the wilderness, she would soon be overwhelmed by the whirlwind, or carried away by the storm: but, though the Lord is in heaven, and she upon earth; though, if considered as man, the heavens have received, and must contain him till the great day of restitution comes; yet as Jehovah, God over all, blessed for ever, he fills all space and crowns immensity with his presence; and he hath said to his spouse, his purchased inheritance, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee:" his eye is incessantly upon her, his everlasting arms are underneath her; when she passes through fire, and through water, he is nigh, and is as a wall of fire round about her. Jesus is with her in the wilderness as a guide, she often takes wrong steps, and is frequently at the point of losing her way, but then she hears his friendly

voice behind her, saying, " This is the way, walk thou therein."....He is not only with her as a guide, but he is with her as a guard, to protect her from her enemies : when the lion roars, she trembles ; when her foes, strong and mighty approach, she stands aghast ; but the Lord her shield advances, spreads over her the shadow of his wing, and taking the battle into his own hand, girds his sword upon his thigh, and rides on conquering and to conquer, for they are all to him as the dry stubble is to the burning flame ; by the breath of his mouth he scatters them as the small dust is dispersed abroad, by the force of the irresistible whirlwind, and they are obliged to fall before him, as Dagon fell before the ark, or as a worm would be crushed under the foot of one of the mighty sons of Anak.

He is not only with her as her guide and protector, but also to supply all her wants, and comfort her under all her oppressions....She is often cast down and afflicted ; often grieved and distressed ; but when this is the case, Jesus draws nigh, says to her soul, " Peace be unto thee; in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." When she hungers, he feeds her with the bread of heaven ; and when she thirsts, he leads her to the wells of salvation, and gives her to drink of the water of life, those rivers of pleasure which flow at his right hand for evermore ....when she is fainting, he strengthens her; when falling, raises her; and when she is wounded by the beasts of prey, stung by the poisonous nettles, with which this world, this wilderness abounds, he makes her whole, and restores her to health by applying to

her wounds the healing balsam of his atoning blood, the cheering unction of his holy Spirit; for she is not to be destroyed in the wilderness; it is a place prepared of God, he built it on purpose for her reception; there she is exercised, tried, purified, and made capable of enjoying that better portion reserved in heaven for her...." the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there:" indeed she hath a right to be fed, for she is not a widow, her husband is living, and lives for evermore, and it is the privilege of every wife to be maintained by her husband, if he has it in his power to maintain her, at least she has a certain right to expect it; and if he neglects or refuses to do it, when able, every one will allow he is a bad husband, and deserves no better character than that of a villain; but Jesus is a faithful husband, a tender, affectionate husband; he loves his bride, he purchased her with an infinite price, and has it well in his power to provide for all her wants; the treasures of his love are past finding out; the riches of his grace are unsearchable, and the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; therefore she hath a right upon the best and surest foundation, and it is her privilege to look up to him, not for a scanty allowance, but a full and ample supply of all she stands in need of; for as she possesses his hand and his heart, all that he has is her's; "for," saith the apostle (and he knew his master's mind) "all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," 1 Cor. iii. 21, 23.

This is a large grant, a very valuable possession, if we had but eyes to behold the extent of it; but our sight is now weak, and therefore we can view but a little, very little part of it; however, since this is the case, the church is in no danger of starving; God hath determined she shall be fed; he will feed her soul with his word and Spirit, and feed her body by a thousand providences; and though her spiritual and temporal enemies, wicked men and wicked devils, are striving continually to cut off her supplies, and to cause her to perish by famine, from off the face of the earth, yet, blessed be God, they are striving in vain; for infinite wisdom knows how to counter-work all their designs, and can, and often does, out of the strongest temptation, out of the bitterest affliction, bring forth some sweet and savory meat to feed the souls and bodies of his children. Job's afflictions were calculated to feed his soul with heavenly manna, to bring him off from feeding upon that which is not bread, even the mouldy husks of his own righteousness, that he might be fed with immortal food, the all-sufficient righteousness of God his Saviour: while Jacob's trouble was evidently designed for the temporal preservation of himself and his house, at a time when famine and scarcity overspread the earth: thus, "the woman fled into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand, two hundred and threescore days."

Blessed be God, though the church is in a wilderness at present, she is not to abide there forever, she shall not be always beset with dangers, surrounded by

enemies, and filled with affliction and sorrow; no, her beloved has not only prepared a place for her in this tumultuous sea of fire and glass, where she is to be fed and preserved, but he is also gone as her great forerunner, to prepare a place in his palace, a mansion in his heaven for her; and at the set time, the appointed time, the expiration of that thousand, two hundred and threescore days, he will come himself and fetch her to partake of his glory, to share in his kingdom, and sit down on his throne, to enjoy the utmost that a covenant God can bestow on the beloved of his soul....O eternal life! who can describe thee? what can we say of thee? alas, we can say but this, we know not fully what thou art; for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it or can it enter into the heart to conceive, what it is to be with God forever. He that hath enjoyed most of the light of his countenance, most of the joy of his salvation, most sensible communion with a condescending Saviour, has but as it were sipped of the cup, caught a drop from the infinite ocean; just tasted the fruits of the good land:.... but when the time, the appointed period arrives, that wished for period, which the saints of God long for, when the Lord Jesus, the mighty, yea Almighty God shall appear, then shall we appear with him in glory, and be like him; for we, his church, the purchase of his blood, shall see him as he is: but O, with what eyes shall we behold him! with what hearts shall we love him! and with what triumphant songs shall we proclaim his honors, when we enter into that kingdom which was prepared for us before the foundation of the world:....then, and not till then, shall we be able clear-

ly to expatiate on that infinite privilege of the believer in Jesus....eternal life !

Great day of God, O when wilt thou appear,
To usher in the grand sabbatic year,
When Jesus' saints shall enter into rest,
And soul and body be completely bless'd ;
When in full choir they shall their king adore,
And hear the rude alarms of war no more ;
When immortality shall crown the just,
And all their enemies shall lick the dust ;
O'erwhelm'd in awful wrath's indignant show'r,
And death, and hell, confess a victor's pow'r.
" Great day ! where art thou ? angels cannot tell,"
Tho' nigh the throne their shining orders dwell ;
'Tis hid from angels' ken, but known to thee,
Great three in one, eternal one in three ;
Thy great decree has fix'd the period sure,
When sin shall vex and saints shall weep no more.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO MR. AND MRS. M.....N.

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If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed....John viii. 31.

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DEAR FRIENDS,

AGREEABLE to my promise, I now sit down to write to you; and, according to your request, have taken for a motto the text I mentioned to you when at our house: it affords me, I assure you, no little pleasure to see you both setting out in the good ways of God; you may remember I told you, I hoped to meet you, not only at, but also in the kingdom of heaven. This is a pleasing hope; may it be fully accomplished in due time. In the first place, give me leave to assure you, that I did not mention this text with any view to discourage you; perhaps you are already troubled upon this subject, and afraid lest you should not continue....I know young converts are very apt to be cast down upon this account, but would not wish you at present to be troubled about this; your princi-

pal concern should be, to see that you set out right, for all depends upon that....Many set out in the profession of religion who do not continue, and are presently blown away by the wind of temptation and trial; the reason is, they did not begin aright, they were not disciples indeed. "If," says Christ, "ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."

This is a consolatory text, for it proves, that they who are real disciples, or disciples indeed, do continue; the great thing then is, to become disciples indeed; they who are such, are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, 1 Pet. i. 5. A disciple indeed, is that in heart which others are in shew; he has not only the leaves of profession, but he has also the root of grace; without that root the leaves will presently wither, and the fairest blossoms fade: but, where that root is, though it may sometimes experience a spiritual winter, yet it shall, notwithstanding, bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit, even unto old age. Mere professors are very well contented with their profession, and however others may fear and tremble for them, they seldom fear and tremble for themselves; but those who are disciples indeed, especially when first called by divine grace, are deeply concerned to know whether they are right; they are subject to many fears and doubts about this matter, and are frequently much troubled and distressed, with the apprehensions of being deceived, or mistaken; and are, in the general, much more perplexed with doubts about the reality of the work of grace in their hearts, than either of the power or willingness of

Christ to save them: you, perhaps, may feel something of this. Now there is none, but the Holy Ghost himself, that can put this matter entirely out of doubt, but it has pleased him to lay down in his word some characteristics of those who are disciples indeed, and it is our duty to examine whether those characteristics belong to us; if they do, it becomes our privilege to draw the most obvious conclusion from them, viz. that God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation, by our Lord Jesus Christ. The first characteristic I shall mention, is this, (and I mention this because, twenty-one years ago, I myself experienced the sweetness and consolation of it) "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," Acts ii. 21, Joel ii. 32.... This is an absolute promise to, as well as a description of, the people of God. Here is one great difference between the disciple indeed, and the mere professor; the one prays, and the other appears to pray; could you look into the heart of a mere professor of religion, you would not find one grain of the spirit of grace and supplication in it, though perhaps, he may be able to say much by way of prayer, even in the great congregation; but the disciple indeed, though he may not be able to say much in public, yet could you take a peep into his heart, you would find him a wrestling Jacob. Some of God's people have much of the gift of prayer, but they all have the grace of prayer; the experiences of God's people are various in some things; some are led by the deep waters of conviction, and much sorrow upon the account of sin; others are gently led forth out of a state of nature,

into a state of grace, by the still waters, and drawn by the cords of love; but which ever of these is the case, they unite in this, viz. being wrestling Jacobs, before they become prevailing Israels: and the reason of this is evident; every disciple indeed, feels the importance of everlasting things, feels the necessity of salvation, of being born again, of being washed in the blood of the lamb, and cloathed in his righteousness, for he finds he has none of his own, and according to the degree of the sense he has of these wants, he becomes a wrestler with God for a supply of them; he cannot be easy, he cannot be contented, he cannot be happy in time or eternity, without these ble ssings; he finds, in his flesh dwelleth no good thing, but he sees that in Christ all fulness dwells; and he hears him say, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son," John xiv. 10. This encourages his hope, the desires of his soul aspire after heaven and heavenly things; and the earnest, the constant language of his heart and lips is, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." He loses all relish for the pleasures of the world: he despises them as trifling trash, unworthy of a soul that is born for eternity; the things which he formerly loved, he now hates, and the things which before were disgustful and disagreeable to him, now become objects of his delight; he now finds wisdom's ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace....this is the disciple indeed. The mere professor, though he may attend to all the outward forms of religion, yet remains destitute of the

power of it ; his heart feels no want, and consequently he seeks no supply ; but when God says to the seed of Jacob, " Seek ye my face ;" their hearts reply, " Thy face, Lord, will I seek." And then says the promise, " Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved ; your hearts shall live that seek God." Psalm lxix. 32.

Now, my dear friends, I hope and believe, that in the above little description of a disciple indeed, you will find something of your own picture. Do you feel the importance of everlasting things ? Do you feel the necessity of being born again of God, of being washed in the blood, and clothed in the righteousness of Jehovah Jesus, and so interested in his complete salvation ? Do you so feel the necessity of these things as earnestly to desire them ? and do these desires lead you to call upon God for them, in the name of Jesus ? Are the secret breathings of your soul aspiring to him, when no eye but his is upon you ? If so, remember the promise....all who call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved ; for none but disciples indeed, so call upon him. Have the pleasures of the world lost their relish in your esteem ? Can you, will you chuse affliction with the people of God, before the pleasures of sin for a season ? This must be done, but none can do it, but those who are disciples indeed ; if it is the choice of your heart, happy are you ; the family of God, both in heaven and earth, will give you the right hand of fellowship. Is it the sincere wish, the unfeigned desire of your inmost souls to be devoted to God, that he may purify your hearts by faith, and make

you holy as well as happy? and do you find his ways delightful to you? Is a day in his house sweeter to you than a thousand spent elsewhere? and do you desire to continue in his ways? Do you dread going back? and is it the ardent wish of your heart, that you may be kept by his power through faith unto salvation? If you can go with me thus far, I have no doubt but you will go with me a step farther, that is, to heaven; for the Lord who gives grace, gives glory also; none but the disciple indeed, can go thus far; mere professors know nothing of these things.

In the next place, how is it that disciples indeed continue in the word of Christ, and by so persevering, give evidence of what they are? Even because they are like the house that is founded upon a rock; the floods arise, and the winds blow, and the rain descends, but the house stands safe, because it is founded upon a rock; so the believer is built upon Christ; he is a sure foundation; and another reason is, because God the Holy Ghost has promised that he will abide with the christian forever, John xiv. 16. None but he who first made the christian, can keep him when made; it was God the Spirit first quickened you; had it not been for his almighty and gracious influence, you might have sat under the gospel a million of years, and remained dead in trespasses and sins; and I would wish you to remember and never forget, that even now you are not sufficient to think a good thought of yourselves; you cannot keep yourselves a moment from sin; you cannot overcome the world or the devil, but by the almighty power of the

Holy Ghost; if he has wrought divine faith in your hearts, remember you cannot exercise that faith, nor any other grace, but while under his influence; you can have no spiritual strength, no increase of grace, no divine consolation, but from him; therefore, prize him highly for he has promised to abide with you for ever: it is only he can make his word powerful and profitable to you; therefore pray much for his presence and influence and teaching: seek him in all his ways, for we can do nothing spiritual without him; love the means of grace, use them diligently: he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, Luke xi. 13. "And," says the Lord, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly:" never be satisfied with present attainments, but seek after more. The promise is, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," Isa. xl. 31. Search the scriptures, and carefully avoid all erroneous preachers and books; let the bible be your chief study; visit other good authors sometimes, but dwell with the word of God. You will find many spiritual enemies to encounter with; there is much contained under these three heads, the world, the flesh, and the devil; but remember, this is the victory, even our faith, 1 John v. 4. There is nothing can conquer sin and Satan, but faith and prayer; but faith and prayer assuredly will conquer, because Jesus Christ, who is the object of faith, is almighty to save, and has promised to save; he is always faithful to his engagements, and when faith lays hold of his power and faithfulness, and calls upon him to fulfil his word, this brings the very omnipotence of Jehovah to the be-

liever's aid, and then sin and Satan fly before him, and the christian experiences the truth of that word, "to him that believeth, all things are possible," but yet remember the power is God's and not the christian's.... We do not always conquer, because we are slow of heart to believe the promises of God, and his power and faithfulness to fulfil them; for want of this, the christian is often worsted by his spiritual enemies, but notwithstanding this, he that is a disciple indeed, shall overcome at the last; he shall endure to the end, because he is kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation. God is glorified by the perseverance of his saints in holiness; and by so continuing in the good ways of God, they prove to the angels, and to devils, to good men, and bad men, that they are disciples indeed, and also get a good evidence to their own souls, that they are amongst the number of those of whom Christ says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand," John x. 8. I could say a great deal more upon this subject, but having already exceeded the moderate bounds of a letter, shall postpone any further remarks till another opportunity, and shall conclude with observing, that they who know most of divine things in this world, know but little; they who are most kept by the power of God, have most reason to be thankful: by faith we stand, "but let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;" we are never safe but when we are nothing in our own eyes; when we are weak, then we are strong; when we are most sensible of our own weakness, then the power of Christ rests upon us. May you and I, then, my

dear friends, be very humble, very thankful ; may we press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus ; may we be enabled to glorify him on earth, and may we meet in his kingdom to praise his name, and to ascribe salvation to God and the lamb, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

I am, my dear friends,
Yours most sincerely,
In the best bonds,
MARIA DE FLEURY.

LETTER II.

TO MRS. B.....

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is with the greatest pleasure imaginable, that I sit down to fulfil my promise of writing to you the first opportunity; indeed, those whose hearts are united in the sacred bonds of friendship, find it a most agreeable privilege to be able to converse together, when distance of place puts a separation between them. I hope you are better in health and spirits, than when I saw you last. Ah, my dear friend, why do you give yourself up to sorrow and anxiety? Is it because you have no reason to rejoice? that must be impossible: indeed, immoderate grief is both unreasonable and unprofitable, and therefore I cannot but blame you for indulging it; yet do not be angry with me, for though I blame you, it is, I assure you, with a heart which sincerely sympathizes with your affliction: I am not a stranger to trouble, I am not a stranger to grief; and I know, when carried to excess, it is dishonoring to God, and unprofitable to us...." Let not your hearts be troubled," said the compassionate Redeemer to his disconsolate disciples, when they were sinking under dreadful apprehensions of losing the presence of their best friend: but alas, how apt are our hearts to be troubled upon much slighter occasions; in-

deed, it is our folly, and we have reason to be humbled in the dust upon the account of it; not that I suppose there is any thing desirable in the unfeeling disposition of a stoic; no, such a temper is by no means the fruit of the Spirit; the soul who is really gospelized, is taught to weep with those who weep; and if it is a gospel precept to sympathize with the afflictions of others, it is surely allowable to feel for one's own.... Jesus wept over his dear deceased Lazarus, and tenderly shared in the sorrows of two amiable sisters, who were lamenting the loss of a brother, who was, perhaps, dearer to them than their lives; we do not find that he chid their sorrow, but he did chide their unbelief. Afflictions, my dear madam, you are sensible, spring not out of the ground; they do not happen to us by chance, but are a valuable part of the saint's inheritance; but though they are valuable and profitable, yet they are so exceedingly disagreeable to nature, so irksome and painful, that we are apt to start back, and would fain, if possible, be excused from accepting this part of our portion: alas, we are foolish children, but it is our mercy that we have a wise father, who will not study our humors, but will give us that which is most for our good: remember that you receive your afflictions by weight and measure; there has nothing happened to you but what your heavenly father appointed for you, when he wrote your name in the lamb's book of life; and then infinite wisdom, and infinite love, sat, as it were, in council, to contrive what should be most for your advantage in time and in eternity. O then, dry up your tears, and be no more sad, but rejoice, for you have abundant reason;

look away from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards," Cant. iv. 3.

O, my friend, turn your eyes from your troubles, your difficulties and enemies, especially from those which are past, for they are gone forever, and with the future you have nothing to do: and what shall you behold? Indeed, there is a glorious prospect before you, O that you might be enabled to view it through the telescope of faith, and then I am sure it will cheer your spirits, be they sunk ever so low: what says the apostle, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," 2 Cor. iv. 17. There is light affliction for you here, but a weight of glory in reversion: have but a little patience, and sin and sorrow will be no more. Could you borrow the wings of a seraph, and ascend to the new Jerusalem, and there inquire of the white robed inhabitants, the spirits of just men made perfect, whether they, or any of them, arrived at those mansions of blessedness any other way than by the way of the cross, they would unanimously tell you, it was through much tribulation that they entered the kingdom of God. Why then should you be discouraged, who have the same Jehovah Jesus to be your guide through the wilderness, that they had; the same exceeding great and precious promises, and the same inexhaustible riches of grace to support, to comfort and make you more than a conqueror through him who hath loved you? "Fear not," says our divine master, "thou worm Jacob, I will help thee,

yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." O how safe and secure must you be then who have the right hand of omnipotence exerted in your defence! surely you may say with the psalmist, "Though the hills be removed, and the mountains carried into the sea, yet will I not be afraid:" indeed, you have no reason to fear, for the eternal God is your refuge, and underneath you are his everlasting arms, Deut. xxxiii. 27. May these considerations, my dear Madam, in the hand of him whose office it is to comfort those who are cast down, afford you strong consolation, may the sun of righteousness arise and shine upon you, and with his delightful, joy-inspiring beams disperse the gloom which hangs upon your mind, and fill you with peace in believing....joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I beg your pardon for being so prolix, it is my usual fault; when I begin to scribble, I seldom know when to leave off; I wonder sometimes that my friends have patience with me; however, friendship can pardon the faults of a friend.

My father and brother unite with me in best wishes to you, Madam, and Mr. .....; we hope he got safe home on Tuesday night, and it will give us the greatest pleasures in the world to see you both in town, as soon as you please.

I am, my dear Madam, with the greatest respect,
Your most sincere friend and servant,
MARIA DE FLEURY.

LETTER III.

TO MISS J.....Y.

DEAR MISS,

It being at the request of your honored father, that the first poem in this volume was written, and indeed, the whole published, I hope it will not be deemed an impropriety, if, before I conclude it, I beg leave to address a few lines to you....You are young, my dear Miss, but you are not too young to be happy, you are not too young to die; you are a young immortal. May you be soo deeply impressed with a sense of your true dignity, that all the gay, inchanting, deceitful pleasures of sin may appear in your view, what they really are in themselves, unworthy your pursuit; while the pleasures of true religion, the sublime enjoyments which a saving acquaintance with God in Christ Jesus, brings home to the soul, may rise high in your estimation, be your early choice, your first and last pursuit. Your dear parents, I am persuaded, can tell you from their own experience, what are the advantages of true, heart-felt religion, being made partakers of its blessings themselves; they can, and I doubt not but they do, recommend it to you as the one thing needful, and their prayers for you incessantly are, that the same distinguishing grace which has brought salvation to their hearts,

may be also bestowed upon you; they wish you a better portion than they can give you; even, that Immanuel, the great God, our Saviour, may give himself to you, as your everlasting portion; and when they shall see you enabled to devote yourself, your youth, your soul and body, your all, as your reasonable service to him, they will know that this is the case: this is their wish for you, and this is my wish for you; may the great hearer of prayer, put his Amen to our wishes, and say, so be it....

When you read the first poem this volume contains, you will remember that I wrote it at the request of your father, and I am persuaded, that love to the divine Redeemer, and zeal for his truth, were the motives of that request; may your father's God be your God; may the great and glorious truths which this poem contains, be so revealed to your soul by the Spirit of truth, that Immanuel's name may become precious to you, be the most charming sound to your ears, and himself altogether lovely in your view; and if ever this is the case, which I hope and pray it may, you will possess greater riches, and sublimer happiness than the riches of Peru, or the empire of the world could give you....May the divine Spirit enable you, my dear Miss, to seek for these durable riches, and this sublime happiness: if you seek them with your whole heart, you shall have them; the Lord Jesus gives them freely to every one who is really and truly desirous to have them; and it is his peculiar delight to give them to those who seek them in the early part of life: he says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early, shall find me," Prov. viii. 17.

The Lord Jesus, when he was upon earth, was the most gentle, kind and compassionate man in the world; he was easy to be intreated, he healed all that came to him to be healed of their diseases, and even died for sinners; and now, though he is exalted at God's right hand....nay, though he is himself the eternal God, yet he is as kind and gracious as ever. May this Holy Spirit convince you of your need of his salvation, and cause you earnestly and diligently to seek it, then shall you find him the kindest Father, the most gracious Saviour, and the most faithful and affectionate friend, all your future life; he will be your God and your guide unto death, and your glorious portion in eternity.

That this may be your happy experience, is the sincere wish, and shall be the hearty prayer of,

Dear Miss,

Your affectionate friend

MARIA DE FLEURY.

Eternal Love:

AN ODE.

BY RICHARD LEE.

Eternal Love:

AN ODE.

Now I attempt a vast immortal theme,
And try my voice to sing the Saviour's name.
Thou sun of heaven! source of celestial fire!
Eternal Spirit! my bold Muse inspire;
Inflame the soul, and guide the raptur'd tongue
That dares aspire to so sublime a song.

Jesus I sing; delightful name!
I feel already the inspiring flame!
Creation fades, and more than heav'n appears,
My soul flies back, beyond eternal years;
There I behold th' Almighty Son,
'Midst of the everlasting throne,
One with the Father, with the Spirit one,
Array'd in uncreated light,
Bless'd in perfections all his own,
Glories immense and infinite,
Beam from his face, and rest upon his crown.

Then, vast immeasurable grace,
And purposes of love,
Love everlasting, great and undefin'd,
Fill'd the eternal mind;

And burn'd tow'rds our unworthy race,
Chose before seraphim, recovering grace to prove.
Before creation heard his grand behest,
And instant into being sprung;
Before immensity of space was dress'd
With gems by harmony and order plac'd;
Ere the young morning stars sparkled and sung,
Or ere this earth in æther pendant hung....
He thought on mortals;....yea, he lov'd us then!
"And his delights were with the sons of men!"
He fix'd the place
Where each of his redeem'd should dwell,
And lov'd their habitations well;
He thought on Cedron's brook and Calv'ry's height;
From everlasting years his heart was set,
There to exhibit everlasting grace!

Stupendous grace!
Creatures of vile original and birth,
Offspring of dust and progeny of earth;
A fallen, guilty, and apostate race;
Their hearts abominable and unclean,
Plung'd each day deeper in the filth of sin;
Their daring words and hands uplifted high,
In mad rebellion against the sky;
With rancor fill'd against the living God,
And proud defiance of his threat'ning rod;
His gracious pardon offer'd them in vain,
And sov'reign mercy treated with disdain.
To close the black, but yet imperfect list,
Impious despisers of the blood of Christ!
Wonder thou earth below! ye heavens above!
For these were lov'd with everlasting love!

Let songs of praise from thee, O Zion! rise,
Perfume the air, and glad the list'ning skies;
Till angels hear,
Their notes forbear,
And yield to silence, struck with vast surprise:
Then ye bright immortal choirs!
Sudden glow with brighter fires!
Louder strike th' astonish'd lyres!
Let ev'ry string with trembling rapture move;
Bid the wrapt strains through distant planets rove,
And teach the rolling spheres to sing Eternal Love!

Thou earth! be vocal, with hosannas ring,
With thy inhabitants exult and sing.
Ye lofty mountains! whose aspiring heights
Sublimely view the gliding clouds below,
Whose venerable heads are crown'd with ancient snow
Unsullied by the look of mortal eyes;
As with prodigious, mighty joys elate,
Yet greater swell....to loftier heights yet rise,
And give to heaven the spotless sacrifice.

O everlasting love! thy praise extend;
Let gladden'd nature feel the enliv'ning sound;
From woods and forests let the strains rebound;
Whose leafy tribes in stately grandeur rise;
Your tribute pay, in lowly homage bend,
Wave your tall heads, and hail the smiling skies.

Ye laughing vallies, and ye verdant meads!
Hear the bless'd song, and glow in brighter green;
Ye springing flow'rets, lift your fragrant heads,

Unfold your bloom,
Shed your perfume;
And add new beauties to the joyous scene.

Ye soft musicians of the air!
Melodious tenants of the grove,
The poet's grand enthusiasm join;
For noblest strains your sweetest powers prepare,
Let all your tender warblings be of love;
Love is your darling theme, and this is love divine;
Now swells your tuneful throats,
To pour the joyful notes;
Extol your kind, beneficent Creator,
And the eternal lover of our nature.
Let every purling rill and winding stream;
Let every foaming flood,
That rolls a rougher tide,
Catch from your notes the captivating theme;
These smooth their surface, calmer glide:
Those gentler run along the pebbled road.

Eternal Love! extend thy praise!
Let every tongue prolong the blissful lays,
Which my unequal Muse so faintly sings;
Waft it, ye winds, upon your balmy wings,
Across th' exulting seas,
To distant shores "Eternal Love" convey.
O heaven! and nature sing!
Let all existence in the work combine,
Let every order in creation join,
And praise the Eternal Love of our eternal king!

But, hark!.....I hear.....
(Suspend your raptures with an awful fear)
Earth is convuls'd!....the skies in blackness veil'd....
I hear a deep, tremendous groan,
That bursts the grave and tears the solid stone!
The God incarnate to a gibbet nail'd,
Fulfils his part in the eternal plan,
And gives his life to ransom dying man!

Thrones and dominions bending from above,
Here read the wonders of Eternal Love,
Engrav'd indelible in crimson lines,
Through gathering clouds of horror, lo! it shines;
Love reigns victorious; on a cross it reigns,
And triumphs in unutterable pains!
The swelling floods of God's Almighty ire
O'erwhelms his soul....yet burns the sacred fire....
Yet unabated burns the quenchless passion,
Which urg'd him first to undertake salvation.
He drinks the cup full charg'd with wrath divine,
Though free from sin, he bears the curse of mine.
Eternal love displays his heart,
And bids stern justice strike th' insatiate dart,
Pointed with keenest anguish; barb'd with deathly smart.

Let silence, ye celestials! reign,
Silence, expressive of profoundest awe;
Let all your harps, untun'd,
Forget their usual sound,
Nor even sigh one melancholy strain;
While ye behold this great unequal'd scene;

A greater scene th' eternal never saw!
Jehovah's fellow and co-equal son,
The sharer of his undivided throne,
Now droops beneath his father's fiercest frown;
The sun of glory, heaven's supreme delight,
Sinks in the horrors of infernal night;
The fount of bliss endures a hell within;
The Lord of life, the source of being dies;
Eternal purity becomes for sin
A free and voluntary sacrifice;
Who calls eternity his dwelling-place,
Lies circumscrib'd within the grave's embrace;
Wounded and bruis'd in earth's dark prison lies,
That we might solace in celestial joys;
That we might rise exulting from the tomb,
Shine in the skies, and flourish in immortal bloom.

Zion is ransom'd, and Messiah rises!
Infinite merit, blood divine suffices;
Justice beholds, propitious from his throne,
Redemption finish'd, and salvation won;
Deck'd with new honors, crown'd with brighter beams,
His great complacency he thus proclaims:
"I have receiv'd my full demand,
Illustrious suff'rer! from thy hand;
Thy spotless life and dying pains,
Atone for all thy people's sins.
I view them all complete in thee,
From ev'ry curse forever free.
Almighty hero! leave the tomb,
From prison and from judgment come;
In thee let all thy people rise,
In thee, ascend and claim the skies."

Zion is ransom'd, and Messiah rises !
The stratagems of earth and hell prove vain
The fallen victor longer to detain ;
Jesus ! the God omnipotent ! despises
The cobweb-barriers of opposing men.
Death yields ; and crush'd beneath his ruin'd throne,
Resounds thro' hell, in a despairing groan,
His sceptre broken, and his empire lost ;
Hell hears, and trembles thro' her dread domains !
The prince of darkness, and his vanquish'd host,
Roll in the lake, and gnaw their heavier chains.

Now sacred Muse ! glow with a seraph's fire !
And bid my fingers strike a seraph's lyre ;
Bear me aloft on thy unbounded wing,
Whilst I, a mortal, themes immortal sing,
And chaunt the glories of the conqu'ring king.
How bright he shines ! emerging from the tomb :
Inferior lustre, and less radiant beams,
Adorn the rising of the golden sun,
When nobly bursting through the scatter'd gloom
Along the pavement, see ! diffusive streams
Supernal flame ; and playful lightnings run ;
See ! smiling cherubs, dress'd in rosy bloom,
On ardent wings his sapphire chariot bear,
Whose gentle gales leave fragrant all the air.

Is this the man ?....the man of sorrows, late
The mark of malice, and contemptuous hate,
And cover'd o'er with foul reproach and shame ?
Yes ! this is he ! but, oh ! behold him now,
How diff'rent this, from that his low estate !

No thorny tortures pierce his sacred brow,
Nor crimson anguish from his temples flow,
No fiends incarnate mock and trifle with his woe ;
But see ! ten thousand ministers of flame,
The flower of heaven compose his guard,
Wrapt in reflected rays,
From deity's full blaze,
The bright effulgence of their rising Lord.

Hov'ring round, in order grand,
Sweetly sings the raptur'd band ;
Less sweet were the hymns which the princes of morn,
Sung to welcome and hail the creation new-born ;
The softest tun'd instruments brought from above,
Attend the bless'd spirits in chaunting my love ;
And loud-sounding trumpets by Michael first blown,
When Satan rebelling was fought and o'erthrown,
Now spread far and wide Jesu's martial renown.

By that inspiration whence flow'd all their praise,
I now would re-echo the ravishing lays ;
" Hail ! God of salvation !....Thou valiant in fight,
Let laurels encircle thy brow,
Thy deeds let immensity know ;
Hail ! seed of the woman ! Redeemer of men ;
All glory and honor dominion and might
Is thine ; alleluia ! amen !
Worthy art thou to sit on the throne,
The diadem worthy to wear ;
Thy love is eternal, its limits unknown,
Thy wounds and thy suff'rings declare.
Lift up your heads ! ye everlasting gates !
Unfold ! ye doors of the celestial seats !

The king of glory enters in,
Return'd from conqu'ring death and sin."

There as our intercessor and our priest,
He lives to plead our cause;
Our names are deeply on his heart impress'd,
Eternal Love still in his bosom glows,
Supplies our wants, and feels for all our woes.

From thence he saw me with a pitying eye,
Lost in the fall,
And ignorant of his Eternal Love....
He sent his holy Spirit from above,
Whose grace invincible and mighty call
From the impending ruin bid me fly.

But where, alas! where could I fly?
So impotent and blind?
Or, how avert the vengeance nigh,
And ease my troubled mind?
I might have grop'd till doomsday there,
And never found relief;
I must have sunk in black despair,
And helpless grief.

But his dear Spirit pour'd a flood
Of day upon my eyes;
I saw (O blest, consoling sight!)
I saw with wonder and delight
The dying lamb my sacrifice;
And streams of rich atoning blood,
To clothe with grace the throne of God.

I saw Eternal Love display'd,
Display'd in all its bleeding charms;
"I pardon thee!" the Father said,
And clasp'd me to his arms.
Fresh sorrow overflow'd my heart;
But, O how sweet that sorrow was!
I saw my sins the cursed cause
Of all my Saviour's smart.
I strove to banish from my heart,
Those foes which shed his blood;
I bade the rebels all depart,
And let my Saviour and my God
Make there his permanent abode:

And now perpetual strife ensu'd:
The reign of grace oppos'd the life of sin;
I found corruptions would not be subdu'd,
And all their former influence lose,
By wishes, resolutions, and repeated vows.
For my poor strivings, they disdain'd to quit
Their long possess'd, long unmolested seat;
Meanwhile earth's threat'ning frowns and luring smiles,
And the dark tempter's smooth, deceitful wiles,
Join to assist the foe within.

But maugre each opposing ill,
That meets the pilgrim's way,
And threat'ning stand, his progress to obstruct....
Jesus has promis'd that he will
By his Almighty arm, conduct
Thro' hosts of foes my soul to endless day;

Eternal Love and faithfulness engage,
To make me more than conqu'ror over all their rage.

The feeblest saint he will not overlook,
They all are objects of eternal care;
And when at last he counts his ransom'd flock,
His weakest shall be there;
Then shall the spirits of the just
Shine forth as jewels in the Saviour's crown;
Zion shall rise, shake off the dust,
And put her bridal garments on;
The glorious temple of the triune God,
Plan'd from eternity for his abode,
In stately grandeur, shall be seen complete,
For the ador'd inhabitant made meet;
With sacred shoutings shall the top-stone rise,
And "grace! free grace!" re-echo thro' the skies!

Then shall Eternal Love
In all its boundless glories blaze,
And saints and seraphim united, prove
The fulness of recovering and preserving grace.
Tun'd for eternal praise, our raptur'd souls
Shall find their bliss in that sublime employ;
Long as eternity's vast circle rolls,
Jehovah's love shall yield a heaven of joy,
And his high praises fill th' empyrean sky.

APPENDIX:

Epithalamiums, etc.

BY M. DE FLEURY.

Appendix.

TO

MR. AND MRS. DE FLEURY, JUN'RS,

MARRIED NOVEMBER 25th, 1773,

THIS POEM, IS INSCRIBED BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE SISTER, MARIA DE FLEURY, WISHING THEM GRACE, MERCY AND PEACE, FROM GOD THE FATHER, AND FROM JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

HAPPY the pair, who're fitly join'd,
In heart, in temper, and in mind,
Made one in Hymen's silken bands;
United hearts, united hands,
Both children of eternal grace,
Both journeying to the heav'nly place,
Both taught in the Redeemer's school,
They make his will, his word their rule.
Helpmeets indeed, they kindly bear
And soften each the other's care.
Celestial friendship smiles around,
And all their hours with peace are crown'd:
They mount towards the realms of day,
And find a heaven all the way;

So Jesus loves his ransom'd bride,
For whom he groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
Who life receives from his pierc'd side.
So Zion hangs on Jesus' name,
And calls him Lord, with tend'rest claim:
Her brother, Saviour, bridegroom, all;
And on his love depends for all.
No harsh commands the Saviour lays,
No forc'd obedience Zion pays;
A loving sceptre Jesus wields,
A free obedience Zion yields:
To do his will is her employ,
Because his will's her chiefest joy;
She has her will, when his is done,
They will the same, for they are one.
Ye marry'd, would ye happy prove,
Remember all the charm is love.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM;

OR, WEDDING SONG,

ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. A.....Y.

GENTLE Muse, awake and sing,
Hither bring thy softest lay,
Touch the viol's sweetest string,
To record the happy day:
Rise, O sun, divinely bright,
All thy radiant beams display,
Let thy fairest, purest light,
Crown the honors of the day.

Happy pair! in silken bands,
Smiling Hymen, wedded love,
Union bless'd of hearts and hands,
Be your union seal'd above;
From the bounteous hand of heav'n,
May abundant show'rs descend,
Love, and joy, and peace be giv'n,
And your future hours attend.

As the circling years roll on,
May your happiness increase,

May the bliss this day begun,
Never faulter, never cease;
Hand in hand in wisdom's ways,
May your path thro' life be trod,
Guided by the hand of grace,
Favor'd with the smiles of God.

Should a thorny path appear,
Gloomy clouds o'erhang the sky,
Fear not, there's salvation near.
Lo, a Saviour's ever nigh;
On before you he will go,
Angel of the cov'nant still,
Strong to conquer ev'ry foe,
Strong to guard from ev'ry ill.

Mutual love, sweet sympathy,
Kindly soothing ev'ry care,
Keep your life from discord free,
Each the other's burden bear;
While your Father's gracious eye,
And his providential hand,
Ev'ry want shall well supply,
Till you in his presence stand.

Then around his glorious throne,
Hand in hand to sing his praise,
On his head to set the crown,
Bless him thro' eternal days:
O may this your portion be;
Happy pair, ye then shall prove
Genuine, rich felicity,
Here and in the realms above.

TO MR. AND MRS. T..... D.....,

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

HAIL! happy pair, whose hearts and hands,
United in the strongest bands
That heav'n can form, or love compose,
To soothe the weight of human woes;
For you, shall rosy Hymen twine
A wreath of amaranth divine,
And smiling on your union, shed
His choicest influence on your head;
For you bright Sol, enthron'd on high,
Shall dart his glories through the sky,
Disperse the glooms, to grace the day,
And chace the wint'ry clouds away;
For you, the gay, the new-born year
Shall in her vernal robes appear.
The blooming beauties of the spring
And friendship teach the Muse to sing.

Say, what can soothe the brow of care,
And life's rude breaches best repair?
Say, what its brightest joys refine,
And happiness with wedlock join?
'Tis not the pompous glare of gold,
No, bliss is oft for mammon sold:
The sordid mind in ev'ry state,
Is poor, ('tis so decreed by fate),
'Tis mutual friendship, mutual love,
A sacred spark dropp'd from above,

A pure, etherial, gen'rous flame,
A much dishonor'd, injur'd name,
Prophan'd too oft....yet where 'tis found,
Peace and content are smiling round.

May this be yours, and as your days
Increase, and time runs on his race,
Still may it deeper strike its root,
And then 'twill bear you precious fruit;
'Twill soothe and soften ev'ry woe,
When in a painful path you go,
Refine your bliss, each joy exalt,
And kindly cover every fault;
'Twill banish discord far away,
And make each morn your wedding day.

But Oh! reflect, sublunar bliss,
The highest earthly happiness,
The summit gain'd, must soon decay,
Must fade, and droop, and die away;
Death at one stroke, will lay it low,
And bid those joys no longer flow;
Then seek those pleasures which endure
Forever vast, forever sure;
Immortal souls should pant for joys
At God's right hand in paradise;
Where interruption cannot come,
But life and bliss forever bloom:
There may you meet, in that great day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Arrayed in white, the bridal dress
Of Jesus' perfect righteousness,
And at the marriage supper prove
The wonders of redeeming love.

TO MR. AND MRS. COLLIER,

A CONGRATULATORY ODE AND ACROSTIC, ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

WHERE, gentle Muse, dost thou abide?
If on Parnassus' verdant side,
Leaf crown'd, or in the flow'ry dell,
Lowly recluse, thou lov'st to dwell:
Inspir'd by friendship, come away
And cheerful gratulations pay,
Melodious as the warbling lark, or softer linnet's lay.
As dew-drops sparkling o'er the lawn,
New from the eye of rosy morn,
Distils with each succeeding dawn;
As Phœbus keeps a constant pace,
Nor tires amidst his glorious race,
Nor stops till in his noontide hour,
Earth glows beneath the genial pow'r.

Come thus, ye heav'nly show'rs, ye dews
Of grace and mercy, and diffuse
Love and joy, and peace around,
Let the pair by Hymen crown'd;
In the best of gifts divine
Ever prosper, ever shine,
Rich in the gracious smiles of heav'n benign.

Hail! gentle pair,
Made one in Hymen's sacred bands,
United hearts, united hands:
Long may you share
Domestic happiness, and prove
The sweetness of connubial love,
Founded on its strongest base,
Deeply cemented by grace,
This will soften ev'ry woe,
If in painful paths you go,
Calm each storm, for storms oft rise,
Pilgrims know, below the skies:
May your Father's eye
Ever watchful, guard you round;
May his liberal hand
Plenteous blessings on you pour,
Blessings of the upper sky;
Blessings of the fruitful vale,
Till with truth and mercy crown'd:
Ev'ry storm and tempest o'er,
Soft and gentle be the gale,
Wafts you to the happy land,
Where the ransom'd of the Lord,
Tune their harps, and sing his praise.
Worthy he to be ador'd,
God of love, and God of grace.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. M.....N,

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

.....

Gentle Muse, awake and see
Sacred friendship waits for thee;
Tune the harp, and strike the lyre,
Friendship shall the theme inspire;
Joyful sounds, and sacred song
Do to wedded love belong.

.....

HAIL! wedded pair, in Hymen's bands,
Since heav'n has kindly join'd your hands,
May that pow'r who reigns above,
God of grace and God of love,
From his radiant throne bestow
All can make you blest below;
Smiling on your union, shed
Choicest blessings on your head;
Constant as the rising sun,
Hastes his daily course to run:
Num'rous as distilling dews,
O'er the meads their drops diffuse,
Blessings of the upper springs,
Grace to make you priests and kings.

'Mongst Jehovah's royal train,
Saints who with the lamb shall reign,
Mutual love to keep your life
Free from jarring, free from strife;
Mutual love your hearts to bless
With domestic happiness,
While his providential eye
Ev'ry want shall well supply.
So ye favor'd pair shall prove
Happy here, and bless'd above.

END.

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